

CN CALLING

The State is a partnership between those who live now, those who have lived, and those yet unborn.

Edmund Burke

Number 1024 NOVEMBER 5, 1938

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

EDITED BY ARTHUR MEE

DAVID
AND
GOLIATH

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THE BOY IN THE COALMINE

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FIDDLING WHILE THEY DIE What Does the Ministry of Transport Say?

Motoring with music.

A Motor Show slogan

A little thought and care and less selfishness about your own affairs would have prevented this boy's death.

Judge to a motorist

MOTORING to music was the latest bait offered at the Motor Show to tempt motorists to fit their cars with wireless sets. It comes as a fitting postscript to the judge's remarks which we quote.

Almost as many wireless sets were sold as cars, we are told; more than a thousand by one dealer, and they went off at the rate of one set every two minutes. Outside Earls Court a queue of motorists lined up to take trial trips in cars already fitted, to hear how well the wireless sounded when the car was running. Inside the building the wireless sets were not allowed to perform because of the distraction. But fully 75,000 cars in the country are fitted with wireless for the entertainment of drivers who do not mind the distraction while they are on the road with hundreds of other people's lives at their mercy.

What Does it Matter to Him?

What a picture! The care-free driver bowling along the road, his ears tuned to the wireless strains of somebody's band or the seductive rise and fall of the fat stock prices.

He carries his own entertainment with him, and what else matters? What does it matter that he carries our lives with him too? That was rather a close shave as he rounded a corner! The sudden diversion to avoid an accident nearly made him miss what the announcer was saying

about the next item on the programme to be broadcast.

We can imagine his apology when the accident is not avoided. It might take the form of saying that he was very sorry, but just at that moment he was trying to hear the jokes of the new American funny man. What a joke! And what a farce that the lives and limbs of all the people on the road should be at the mercy of motorists who can give only half their attention, or less, to what they are doing.

Looking-in on the Car

Nobody can think of two things at the same time, and driving a car needs every concentration of thought a driver can give it. So insistent is the demand on a driver's brain that no driver should weaken his powers in the slightest way; yet thousands of cars are fitted so that the man at the wheel may be listening-in as he drives in our crowded highways.

And now, after wireless sets, we are threatened with television sets for cars. It is sheer lunacy. The butcher's bill on the road is mounting, and it will continue to mount until we set about in earnest to reduce it. The road hog, the inefficient, the careless, the incapable driver, and the derelict car—these all contribute to the toll; and the car with its distracting wireless contributes to it still more.

What is the use of a Ministry of Transport without the wit to see the danger and the resolution to stop this nonsense?

Nero fiddled while Rome was burning; is the Transport Ministry willing that our cars should fiddle while our children die beneath their wheels?

Republican Shirts For Franco's Bread

In the intervals of dropping bombs on Madrid Franco's planes have recently been dropping loaves of bread from the skies among the citizens.

Some of them took the food from where it came, but others angrily rejected it, at any rate in theory, saying that loaves were a cruel jest by one who had so long been raining death among them.

But the Republicans organised a reprisal which none but Spaniards could have thought out. A Republican Government squadron of planes dropped tons of shirts, silk stockings, and socks on Burgos, the Franco capital. No raid had been made on Burgos for months, and it is superfluous to say that the reprisal was something of a surprise.

Now the Barcelona Government has explained. Franco's bread raid, they declare, was an ironical attempt to emphasise the want of food in the territory which the Government still hold. The return raid of planes which dropped shirts and socks was a retort that Franco's Spain was equally short of underclothing.

How childish it all is, yet how brutal, and the more brutal because the raids with bombs and high explosives, accompanied by the loss of innocent civilian lives, still continue.

If both sides have the heart to jest in the face of this horrible slaughter, why have they not the courage or the sense to come together and put an end to it?

Did Shakespeare Drop His Pen Here?



When Edmund Spenser was laid to rest in Westminster Abbey in 1599 his poet friends, among whom it is believed was Shakespeare, threw poems into the grave with the pens that had written them

SECRETS OF TWO GRAVES Shakespeare and Cromwell

THE dramatic possibility of the discovery of a Shakespeare poem in Poets Corner must thrill us all; it is a long time since anything so remarkable as the opening of Spenser's grave happened in Westminster Abbey.

The story was long ago told in the CN of the remarkable tribute paid to Edmund Spenser when he died in the grip of poverty, and after all these years it is proposed to open the grave to see if the poems thrown into it by the poets of the day are still there.

The grave is by a precious piece of wall in Poets Corner. Through the open door we see the Chapter House, the cradle of Parliament; on one side of us lies Chaucer, and at our feet lies Edmund

Spenser, in a grave which is one of the most memorable in the world, whatever may be found in it, for it is almost certain that, whether the poems are found or not, the dust that will be disturbed will have mingled with it all that is left of one of the most priceless things that have been in the world—Shakespeare's pen.

Spenser's monument is little to look at, and is only a copy of the original by Nicholas Stone, whose work soon crumbled away; but the story of this grave is the old, old story. Edmund Spenser, poor, worn, and terrorised by the rebels who had burned down his Irish home, came back for the last time to London.

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England Meets Europe

Even more interesting than the result of a football match at Highbury between an English and a European Eleven is the constitution of the two sides.

England was solidly represented by players whom nothing but the League divides. Europe had players who by their presence, and in the absence of some who had at first been chosen, reflected the politics, if not the balance of power, in Europe. Czecho-Slovak players who had been nominated were absent through circumstances over which they had less control than they had shown over the ball in their matches.

But Italy emphasised her rise, not in the football field alone but in the counsels of Europe, by contributing five players. Germany was content with a modest two, and this Berlin-Rome axis was supported by one player from each of four countries: France, Hungary, Norway, and Belgium. The European team, in spite of their different languages, had arrived at a good understanding, mainly through their selector and interpreter from Italy, Signor Pozzo, but they could hardly have been expected to kick as one man.

Whichever side wins in matches like these, they contribute something to a friendlier feeling between all countries. On the field there were 22 combatants, but 22 peacemakers at the same time, without counting linesmen and referee.

Our Best Customers

Our Dominions and Colonies, taken as a whole, buy from us almost as much as all the rest of the world, and are our best customers.

The Union of South Africa actually buys from us far more than the United States, £41,000,000 worth against £31,000,000! Australia buys from us more than Germany. Even the Irish Free State buys from us more than France.

It is remarkable how little America buys from us in proportion to her population; it comes to less than five shillings a year for each of the 130,000,000 Americans! New Zealand, on the other hand, buys from us at the rate of £12 15s for each New Zealander.

If America, by a tariff change she could readily make, bought English goods at the rate of only £1 a head it would make all the difference to our export trade. We are all curious to know what the new Anglo-American trade pact will do.

A Gift From Lowestoft

One of the most interesting gifts reaching the unhappy Czech people has been that of 100 barrels of cured herrings from the Lowestoft herring trade.

Each boat putting into Lowestoft contributes a quarter of a cran of herrings, the curers are providing barrels and salt, the Scottish fisher lassies are curing and packing the herrings in their spare time, transport workers have volunteered to transport the barrels from the curing sheds to the docks, and the owner of a ship has volunteered to convey the cargo across the North Sea.

A Papuan Hero

An Australian prospector fell and fractured his thigh while climbing among the boulders of a mountain creek near Port Moresby, Papua.

Although he begged the native Papuans camping with him to carry him to safety, all of them fled except the cook; they feared they would be blamed for the accident.

The cook carried his master over sixty miles of difficult country, sometimes helped by Papuans he met during the journey. At last they reached a river, and the cook hired a canoe and took the sick man by boat to the coastal mission station, where his leg was set. He is now recovering.

SECRETS OF TWO GRAVES Shakespeare and Cromwell

Continued from page 1

This friend of Walter Raleigh (who had listened enchanted as the poet read to him his Faerie Queene) was homeless and exhausted. He had rescued his wife and brought her with him, but his little child had perished in the fire before his eyes. It was the end of the year 1599, and in a few days he died at a tavern in King Street (now Whitehall), not many yards from the Abbey—for want of bread, as Ben Jonson said, returning twenty pieces of money sent him by Essex saying he had not time to spend them.

The tragedy greatly moved the poets and all who loved him, and when they carried him to the Abbey from King Street the poets gathered about his grave with mournful elegies and poems they had written, and threw them on the coffin with the pens that wrote them.

It is not proposed to open the coffin of Edmund Spenser, but only to search the grave in which it rests to see if any relic can be found of these poems. The C.N., which hopes the poems will be found, much regrets the reason that is given for the opening of the grave. It is said to be done at the request of the Bacon Society, in the hope that one of the poems may be found to be in the handwriting of Bacon, the suggestion being that if this is so we should then be sure that Bacon wrote Shakespeare. Bacon's writing is known, but Shakespeare's is not, and it is thought that if a poem in Bacon's handwriting should be in this grave, the world will accept it as evidence that all the plays and poems of Shakespeare were written by Bacon.

We have rarely heard an argument so feeble, and it is a pity that an Abbey grave should be disturbed on such grounds. We do not belittle the work of Francis Bacon, one of the master minds of our Golden Age, when we refuse to believe that he wrote all Shakespeare

secretly and that Shakespeare himself did not exist. The idea is preposterous.

It is remarkable that graves should hold such dramatic possibilities concerning the records of two of our supreme Englishmen, for the grave of Oliver Cromwell also is involved in mystery. His remains are believed to be built-up within a wall in an attic of an old priory in Yorkshire. It is said that after the body was cut down on Tyburn his daughter carried it away to Newburgh Priory and had it walled up in what is still called Cromwell's Room. Cromwell's head is known to exist, so if the rest of his body is at Newburgh Priory there is a possibility that the Protector might be brought back to the Abbey.

By an act of revenge incredible to us now, as terrible as any act of which the Japanese have been guilty, Charles the Second had the body of Cromwell dragged from its grave among our kings and hanged on Tyburn, and the head was stuck on a pole on Westminster Hall, where it stayed for 25 years, until at last it was blown into the road by an angry wind, to be picked up by a sentry and hawked about by a showman. If the wall at Newburgh Priory could be opened, the nation would have the opportunity for a great act of atonement which would restore the Protector to the Abbey; and it is hardly possible to conceive a more impressive spectacle than the national burial of our great Englishman with the fame and glory of nearly three centuries heaped upon his name.

The Abbey has a wondrous place in our national story, but what a chapter it would be if in our time it could give to us a poem by Shakespeare in his own handwriting, and could receive back with honour the remains of a man thrown out by a king who was not fit to tie his shoes.

Letting the Flying Man Know

While flying not long ago from Natal to Fort Victoria, South Rhodesia, an airman lost his way.

He could find no signs of a village and was in despair, but at last he saw some buildings in a clearing in the veld. He circled round them to attract attention and dropped a note asking the way.

The building was a mission station in charge of nuns, and the nuns found the note, fetched newspapers, and made an arrow on the ground. Then they grouped the children of the school so that they formed the figure 10, so that the airman was relieved to find that he was only ten miles from his destination.

Duke of Kent For Australia

The Duke of Kent is to be Governor-General of Australia.

He will be the first member of the royal house to hold such a post in the Commonwealth, and will probably stay there two or three years. The appointment has given tremendous satisfaction throughout Australia.

A Hero in a Tube

Ernest Kent, a London labourer, last week proved that the slight man can be as great a hero as the man of stronger build.

When a fellow workman had fallen to the bottom of a tube which was 18 feet deep and only 18 inches wide Kent volunteered to be let down head first by a rope. Immediately he reached his unconscious workmate he too was overcome by fumes and was hauled up again. As soon as he had recovered, however, he went down again, and succeeded in dragging his friend up. Unhappily the man who had been so heroically brought up died.

A Young Englishman's Opera

The poet Coleridge, writing of musical conditions in this country, said that if Mozart had been an Englishman he would have been allowed to starve.

Overlooking the fact that Mozart's own countrymen treated him little better, it is true enough that the native musical composer, and particularly the native composer of opera, has little or no chance of a livelihood in England. How encouraging it was, then, to have a new English opera, The Serf, by a young man of 25 presented during the recent season at Covent Garden.

George Lloyd, the fortunate young man, is a Cornishman. His librettist is his father, and between them they have produced an English opera containing much good music.

Mr Lloyd, whose opera is set in Yorkshire in the harsh 12th century when King Stephen reigned, has as its theme the conflict between Norman conqueror and Saxon serf.

The young composer has a natural gift for the making of stage music, and will certainly be heard of again. He is rare in his ability to write tunes; he can make his characters come alive in their music; he can create dramatic tension; and he is able to give his singers and his chorus music really *singable*.

Stingless Bees

The only stingless bees ever brought to Europe died last week.

They were sent to the Zoo by the Southern Rhodesian Government nearly three years ago, travelling by air 8000 miles in a piece of tree trunk. Kept in a heated glass case and fed on a mixture of honey and water till summer, they were then allowed to visit the flowers, and returned to the hive each night, being put back in the glass case for the winter.

LITTLE NEWS REEL

Coventry has decided to erect an Art Gallery and Museum at a cost of £100,000, given to the city by Sir Alfred Herbert.

The worst accident in the history of civil aviation in Australia occurred last week when a machine struck a mountain side, causing the deaths of 18 people.

Lieutenant-Colonel Mario Pezzi of the Italian Air Force flew last week to a height of 56,017 feet (more than ten and a half miles), thus capturing the height record for Italy.

One of the great tree trunks holding up the roof of York Guildhall has been found to be hollow and is to be replaced by the trunk of a tree from the south of England.

Hundreds of tons of sand bought by business firms in the recent crisis have been sent to the Children's Beach at the Tower.

Over 11,000 buses pass the door of an Oxford Street Stores every day.

All Italian workmen are to receive a Christmas box each year equal to a week's earnings.

Housing loans having been renewed at a lower rate of interest, Sheffield is to give a rent holiday at either Christmas or Whitsuntide to the 24,000 tenants of corporation housing estates.

A hundred-year-old windmill near Fleetwood is in full production again, without its sails, for electricity is now the motive force.

THINGS SEEN

An apple tree in blossom in Bedfordshire at the end of October.

Glorious patches of poppies in October on the roadside between Woodstock and Enstone.

A vine with bunches of ripe grapes growing in a basement in Gower Street, London.

Runner beans 30 feet high climbing on to the roof of a house at Thornton Heath.

Raspberries growing in Kent in November, rich and sweet.

THINGS SAID

I have never been in a museum.

A Monmouthshire police inspector

Peace will not come, like Christmas, just by waiting for it. It must be an active struggle against things making for war.

Lord Halifax

The law needs a great deal of alteration.

Lord Chief Justice

We must face frankly the three possibilities the future seems to hold—war, an armed peace, or a peace of understanding.

Lord Halifax

I believe in peace at any price, but before I feel inclined to pay any price I want to be sure I am going to get some peace for it.

Mr Horace James

Bodily I am all right; spiritually I am like a ship in a storm at sea, dragging her anchors, but the cable still holds.

Dr Niemoeller

To help someone.

With a small subscription to a hospital

THE BROADCASTER

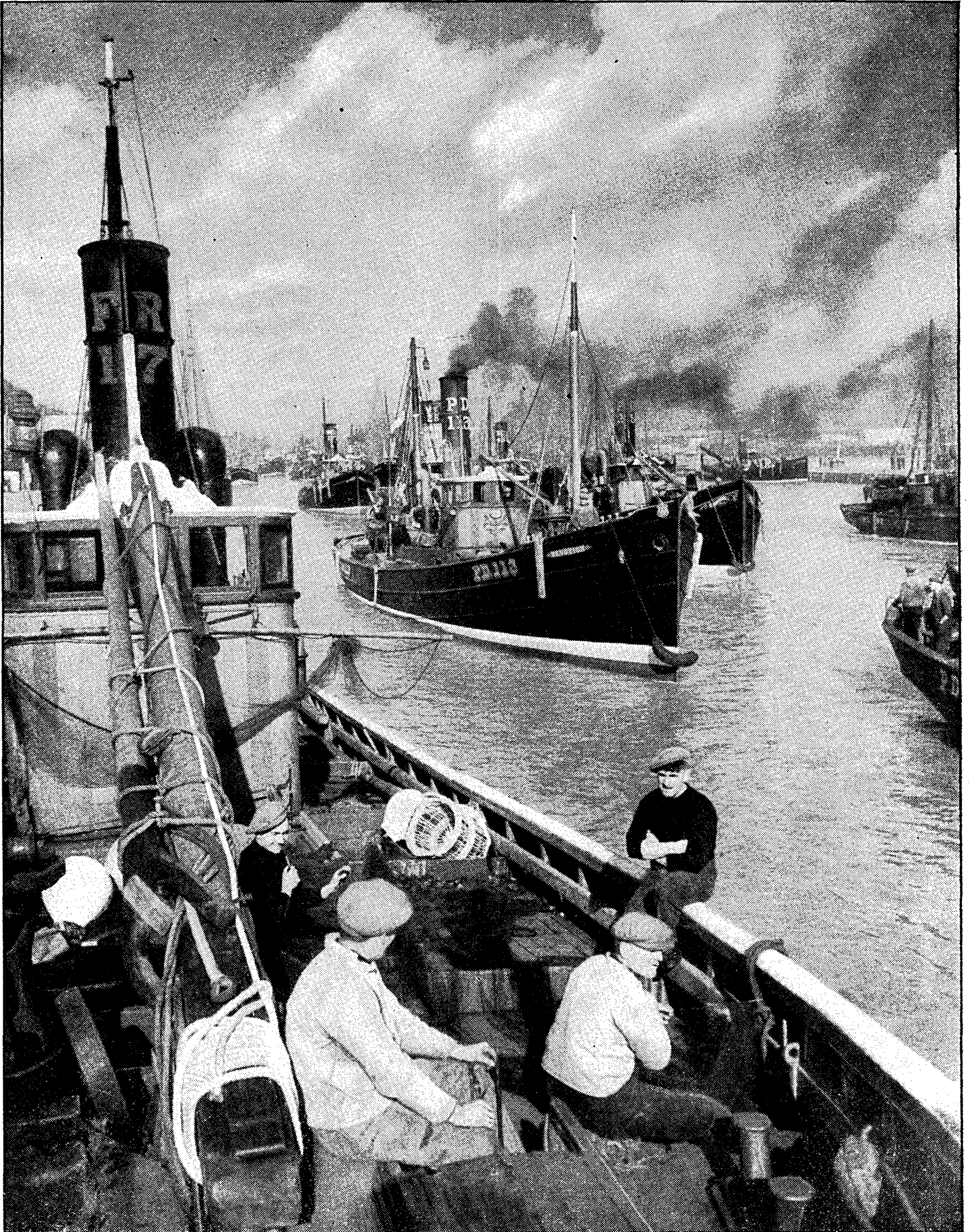
A COLONY of blind people is running a successful pig farm in Yorkshire.

THE American Red Cross has given 250,000 bushels of wheat for relief in Spain.

THE world's coal production last year was the highest since the record year of 1929.

THE money now held by the Government in the Post Office bank and Savings Certificates is the biggest ever known, £1453,000,000.

Mobilisation of the British Herring Fleet



This wonderful photograph shows the drifters of the great Herring Fleet on the move at Yarmouth, setting out for the fishing grounds

THE VICTORIES ARE JAPAN'S But the Heroism is China's

In all the months of the sustained attack made by Japan on China all the victories have been Japanese and all the heroism has been Chinese.

These brave people, on whom the Japanese have made a cowardly war without declaring it, have stood up to armies immensely superior to any they could muster in everything but courage. They have been battered by tanks and artillery; bombs have been rained indiscriminately on their fighting forces and their peaceful peasantry; fire and outrage have laid waste thousands of their homes; yet they are not beaten to their knees.

Their cities have fallen one by one. We shall never know how many of their people have perished. But the spirit of China is more imperishable than Shanghai or Nanking, Canton or Hankow. It will survive all the bludgeonings of the most ruthless enemy.

Militarism Triumphant

In this alone (though now in one of China's darkest hours it might seem that all was lost except honour) is the securest hope that the end of her long agony might be near. Japan's armies have done all they set out to do except destroy the insecure remnants of Chiang Kai-Shek's deliberately dispersed forces. Glory is satisfied, whatever more the Japanese military party achieved, it could add nothing to it. In short, in the Far Eastern phrase, Japan could not lose face by being the first to offer terms and peace.

It may seem strange for Japan to offer peace to a people with whom it is not officially at war, but that is not the strangest thing in a world where force is the only argument. On the whole, the Chinese people might be wise to take the best terms offered to them, confident that in the long run they will outlive the violence of their nominal conquerors.

Japan has nothing to gain by going on; China, we fear, has nothing to gain by present resistance. Let there be peace at any price. It will never be said that for China it is peace without honour.

MR WOODROW TEARS UP HIS WILL

The Story of a Diamond Jubilee

When Mr C. J. Woodrow began in the ironmongery business sixty years ago he had not as many as 105 people working under him; but when he gave them a dinner in Salisbury to celebrate his diamond jubilee with his firm it was easy to see why so many had rallied round him.

This old gentleman of 82 was one of the famous clan of Cheeryble Brothers, who like giving.

Some years ago, he told the diners, he had made his will, and remembered all of them in it; but at that time he never expected to live as long as he had lived, and now that he had come to his diamond jubilee he had thought of a better way. Instead of leaving it to his executors to present the cheques, he had decided to do it himself.

At this stage of the proceedings the 105 employees were invited to open the envelopes beside their plates, and in them were cheques for amounts according with their years of service.

There could after that be no doubt of the success of Mr Woodrow's jubilee dinner, and we think that one of the happiest people there was the benevolent old gentleman.

At the dinners of one famous City company during the 19th century the guests found guineas in their napkins. They were called Golden Sauce, and Mr Woodrow's dinner was seasoned with sauce of the same kind.

These Three



Dr Schuschnigg

Haile Selassie

Dr Benes

DR EDUARD BENES flew to England from Czecho-Slovakia when it became clear that he could no longer be of service to his troubled land.

His arrival here is a reminder that among us is another guest whose land and kingdom were lost to him through no fault of his own—the Emperor Haile Selassie. To these might be added others—Madame Dollfuss, widow of the murdered Austrian Chancellor, and her children; and her presence is a constant reminder that there is yet another man who bore the burden of power in Austria after brave little Dollfuss had been treacherously slain. We speak of his successor Herr Schuschnigg, who is shut away from the world because he loved the independence of his country too well to please a Dictator.

That is the fault of all these three men who a few years ago held their heads high in the world: an Emperor, undisputed ruler of an unconquered land, a President of a compact republican State with powerful friends, and the Chancellor who seemed to have got a firm grip of the fragment left intact of Austria. All have been laid low.

A Scene at Geneva

The Emperor Haile Selassie, who at the last had not a friend among the Great Powers when he folded his cloak about him and left the Assembly Hall of Geneva, having made his last appeal to fairness and justice; but the League had nothing to offer him. His dignity was all that remained to him, and he had no need to thank them for that. They had more need of it.

Now he lives at Bath, with no state to surround him, his dearest friend just laid in the grave, and with only bitter memories of betrayal, a rather silent little gentleman who evades rather than courts notice in that serene old English town. Haile Selassie still continues to turn pained and longing eyes to that inhospitable mountain land of Abyssinia at the north-east corner of Africa, where his people go on fighting.

To Eduard Benes, who has long looked young but now looks older than his

54 years, the heart of every man of good will must go out in his exile. He has lived to see his lifework wrecked. He was a disciple of the patriot Masaryk, who created Czecho-Slovakia, and was the first foreign minister of the republic.

He played a great part not only in the country of which he became first Premier and then President, but in Europe too, for he was one of the prime movers in the formation of the Little Entente comprising Czecho-Slovakia, Yugo-Slavia, and Rumania. One of the strongest supporters of the League of Nations, he was the spokesman of the smaller nations at its councils.

Hopes of Nine Years Ago

It is sad to recall that only nine years ago he spoke hopefully at the League Assembly of a time approaching when they were all feeling that, despite perpetual difficulties, they were drawing away from harassing international problems, and entering on a new period when the League would lead the way in the reconstruction of Europe.

All such hopes are now in the dust, as far away from the beloved leader of the Czechs as in the days when he played as a lively right-wing forward in their football team. But, whatever happens, he will never lose their affection, and they recognise that he has left them not for his own sake but for theirs.

One other of the dethroned three England would welcome, Herr Schuschnigg, but of him we have no tidings. He is lost to the knowledge of men, but not to their memory. The strokes of injustice will surely rebound, as a Greek philosopher said 2000 years ago; and in the rebound Herr Schuschnigg may yet take his place among those who hesitated at no sacrifice in the path of justice.

Dramatic it is to look at the map of the world a year or two ago and think that these three (Haile Selassie, Dr Benes, Herr Schuschnigg) were heads of three countries which are now in the depths of bitterness and defeat. We can only wish them good courage in the shadows of their lives.

A Blow For the Stowaway Mosquito

THERE is no worse travelling companion than the mosquito, and Imperial Airways have taken steps to prevent him, or her, getting far on their machines as a stowaway.

As the C.N. was explaining some months ago, on the airways the mosquito is more than a nuisance. It is a pest, and may be a dangerous one. In the early days of flying it was foreseen that as the length of journeys increased malarial mosquitoes might be carried on a machine from a malaria-infected area to another which till then had been free from the disease.

Malaria is not the only mosquito-borne disease. In Africa yellow fever is a scourge, and a yellow fever mosquito might be carried hundreds of miles in a day. An epidemic of the most deadly kind might be started at the journey's end. There was, and is, a danger that with increasing range of the plane's flight an epidemic of yellow fever might be carried from West Africa by plane.

Imperial Airways have grasped the nettle in time. They have found a special pyrethrum powder and a way of spraying in the cabins and other compartments of the big long-distance planes so as to put an end to the activities of the mosquitoes almost before these provocative agents know they are aboard.

The pyrethrum powder dispersed by the spray is so fine that it can hardly be seen or smelt; but it is far other with the mosquitoes. Experiments have proved that a quarter of an hour's exposure to the deadly all-pervading mist puts them to rest.

If they are disease-carrying mosquitoes they will not live to spread their injurious influence. If they are merely the vicious creatures which make sleep difficult and waking a pain they will succumb none the less surely.

If only as good a spray could be found for the contents of bombing planes it would be a healthier and safer world.

LOOK TO YOUR ELMS

Treat a Great Tree Like a Great Building

From Virgil's time to ours poets have sung the glories of the elm and foresters have acclaimed its manifold uses.

The tree will need all the loyalty and advocacy of its admirers if it is to retain its ancient place in our landscapes, giant of the hedgerow, sentinel guarding the drives and avenues of our stately homes, and lofty monarch lording it over the beauties of our quiet roads.

The recent collapse of an elm during a storm in London, killing and maiming passengers on a passing bus, has opened the sluice-gates of criticism, and people are writing to the papers advocating the entire destruction of elms that are not isolated in open places where few pedestrians walk.

This wave of fear arises from the fact that, as the elm roots near the surface, the soil about it, especially after rain, is easily disturbed, to let the tree crash. Moreover, when the elm is advanced in age, one of its huge boughs may fall without warning, even in absolutely still weather. During a May afternoon ten years ago such a branch of an elm in Hyde Park, stretching halfway across Rotten Row, crashed down, breaking iron rails and chairs and narrowly missing two people.

A Woodman's Advice

This liability of elm-boughs to fall is often attributed to some mysterious sap tension, but against this theory an old C.N. reader, a woodman with as many elms under his care as any man in England, offers a more plausible explanation. The elms he guards are veterans, so he and his staff examine them as carefully as architects examine the fabric of our ancient cathedrals.

Their experience suggests that the defect in the branches is caused by the fact that during years of growth the bark becomes cracked, probably as the result of storm-violence, and that rain and moisture penetrate the cracks and set up rot, which is quite imperceptible to us from a distance. Examination close at hand, they say, does reveal the defect, and the bough can be cut away and the tree made safe.

Now and again elms do cause trouble, but so do chimneys, so do roofs which storms dislodge. There are tens of thousands of elms that do not fall and injure us. If, says our woodman, we recognise that dangers to passers-by attend all old trees in time of storm, we shall examine and safeguard such trees as surely as if they were old buildings, and so no one will suffer. It would be sad to see our land deprived of its noble elms when common care and attention can make them safe.

The Jackdaws and the Squirrel

Many people in Pwllheli not long ago had the unusual experience of witnessing a battle royal between a young squirrel and a pair of jackdaws.

The fight took place in a high tree in the town, and the squirrel leaped with amazing rapidity from branch to branch, followed and chased by the jackdaws; which were later joined by other birds. The squirrel was cornered, and in leaping to evade a combined attack dropped 60 feet into the roadway and dashed for safety into the station.

There it was chased by scores of children into a waiting-room, but dodged them all and ran along the platform. A passenger waiting for a train threw his overcoat over the squirrel, which was eventually captured, but not before it had severely bitten its captor's hand.

THE OLD CROSS SAVED

Eccles is to preserve its old cross.

Right in the centre of a very busy main road, it was feared that modern conditions would mean its doom. The site is badly wanted. But by a clever bit of arranging it will only have to be moved a few feet, and in its new home will be even better than ever. It will be on a traffic island, flanked by cobble stones in the midst of flowers and shrubs with an attractive green verge. Some buildings will have to go, but Eccles thinks the old cross is worth it.

GIVE US BROTHERHOOD

My work takes me into 26 countries in Europe, including Germany and Czecho-Slovakia. There I meet frequently representatives of all classes and interests. I say without the slightest hesitation that, with the exception of a few blundering politicians who want to cover up their mistakes, there is a universal desire for peace. "Give us brotherhood instead of rivalry" is the prayer in most human hearts in Europe today.

Bishop of North and Central Europe

THOUSANDS OF STAMPS

How many postage stamps have been issued by the countries of the world?

According to the 1939 edition of Stanley Gibbons Simplified Stamp Catalogue they number more than 59,000, and every one of these is listed in the catalogue. These are straight issues of stamps of various denominations such as halfpenny, penny, and so on; but if we include variations of watermark, perforations, and other points looked for by keen stamp-collectors the number is more than doubled.

As an example of how the number of stamps increases the catalogue gives details of 678 new George the Sixth stamps issued in various parts of the Empire.

REX

Dear Editor, I am sending you this interesting news. A little boy named Stanley Glucksman was swimming in the Vaal River, South Africa, when all of a sudden he got into difficulty, and his faithful dog Rex, seeing his master in difficulty, jumped into the river and pulled Stanley out. As a result Rex has a very weak heart. An old CN reader

THE FORESTS THAT MADE YORKSHIRE'S COAL

Dr Arthur Raistrick, of King's College, Newcastle, has been awarded the Clough Memorial Medal of the Edinburgh Geological Society "for the geologist whose original work has materially increased the knowledge of the geology of Scotland and/or the North of England."

The award has been made chiefly for Dr Raistrick's work in determining the sort of plants which decayed to form the Yorkshire coalfields millions of years ago. He has developed methods of treating coal chemically so as to extract from it the fossil pollen of the trees and plants which rotted away in the luxuriant tropical forests. These microspores are used by Dr Raistrick as a means of identifying not only particular coal seams, of interest to the coalmining industry, but of adding to the scientist's knowledge of plant life in the periods when coal was laid down.

THE PARROT STARTS THE TRAIN

In the railway station at Habelschwerdt, near Breslau, the engine-driver heard the usual guard's whistle for permission to get under way.

Accordingly he started, but heard such an outcry from the platform that he looked back, and saw the utmost confusion of open doors and passengers in trouble, and the guard ran up to say he had never blown his whistle.

Inquiry showed that the culprit was a parrot belonging to a passenger, which had whistled so perfectly that the driver was deceived.

A Poor Man's Legacy

It is 30 years since William Burfield was seriously ill and was sent to Westminster Hospital, where the doctors cured him and the nurses were all kind to him. Then he went home.

Year after year went by. William Burfield kept on selling flowers in Covent Garden Market. He never had much money, but he always had enough to live on. Three years ago his wife died, and a little while ago he collapsed while on his summer holiday. Folk in Penton Place, near Kennington Park Road, were sorry to hear that Mr Burfield was dead. He had been greatly loved, a quiet, kindly, methodical man who was always ready to help anyone and to share the little that he had. When his will was read by his old

friend James Hill it was found that after 30 years William Burfield was still grateful to the Westminster Hospital. He had not forgotten all that had been done for him, and he bequeathed to the hospital the contents of the two little rooms he had occupied.

A dealer was asked to value them, but his valuation amounted to no more than 40s. That seemed absurd to the woman who had cleaned the rooms, so she and a few neighbours called in other friends, and among them they held an auction sale, the proceeds amounting to £14 9s 11d. After deducting 5s for cartage the remainder was handed over to the hospital, a little legacy from one who had long remembered and had loved much.

THE BLACKPOOL WALK

Every year a large company of walkers set out to walk from Manchester to Blackpool, doing it for sport and a prize.

The other day a man from Rhodes, near Middleton, walked the 52 miles from Blackpool home because he missed the bus. He set off in the morning with a party of his workmates to see the illuminations, and, having seen them, thought he would walk along the road home a little way and the coach could pick him up. Off he went, and in a little while he saw the coach coming along at a great speed. He waved in vain; unfortunately he was on the wrong side of the road and the coach speeded along, and the man walked home.

500,000 TONS OF COAL DUST

So many London chimneys still emit fumes from coal burning that 500,000 tons of sulphur compounds are mixed every year with the air that London citizens breathe.

The chemist who was so successful in rendering innocuous the gases emitted by the great Fulham Power Station is convinced that if the new washing process used at Fulham were adopted by the big fuel consumers London smoke pollution would be halved.

The sulphur is washed out of the chimney gases by lime water, which is pumped round the plant indefinitely to prevent Thames pollution. The great Battersea and Fulham stations can extract from the chimney gases 120 tons of sulphuric acid a day.

AN ARTIST ON A STAMP

Bertel Thorwaldsen, the famous Danish sculptor, was born at Copenhagen in 1770, but spent 42 years of his life in Rome. In 1838 he was asked to return to Denmark, and lived there until his death in 1844. To commemorate his return Denmark is issuing three stamps. The 5 and 30 ore values show a portrait of the sculptor, while the 10 ore has a statue of Jason, his first important work.

HEALTHIER CATTLE

The Ministry of Agriculture is succeeding in raising the standard of health among cattle.

At the end of last year England and Wales had only 812 herds free of tubercular infection; now there are about 2000. Scotland's herds have risen in this period from 640 to 792. There are also up and down the land hundreds of herds which are being graded in readiness for tests made by the Ministry, and the number of accredited herds has risen in five years from 800 to over 22,000.

FOR THE MANLY BOY

Many CN fathers will remember Chums as a delightful boyhood companion. Chums Annual is still appearing, and this year's volume is as good as ever. In its 348 pages are 35 short stories, four book-length mystery and adventure stories, numerous articles, and a wealth of illustrations including four colour plates. It is strongly bound in cloth covers, and at 8s 6d it is wonderful value, the ideal present for a manly boy, in fact.

THE LION'S SHARE OF THE WORLD

It is easy to understand why America plays such a great part in world trade when we look at her share of world production. If we take the chief goods that matter, we find (taking a 10-year average) that America produces:

Half the world's cotton,
Two-fifths of the world's coal,
Two-fifths of the world's steel,
A third of the world's lead,
Two-fifths of the world's copper,
A third of the world's zinc,
Two-thirds of the world's oil,
A fourth of the world's tobacco,
Two-thirds of the world's maize,
A fifth of the world's wheat.

America has thus a giant's power, and it is unfortunate that she does not use it with more wisdom. By steady- ing her production and consumption America would benefit all the world.

ON FLAMBOROUGH HEAD

Even Flamborough Head is being threatened by the speculative builders.

So said Lord Justice Scott at the Conference of the CPRE. It is monstrous, he added, that this famous landmark should be exposed to danger; it is one of our loveliest examples of coastal scenery.

Flamborough Head illustrates a very big case, the case of coast protection. We again plead for special and urgent legislation to prevent all speculative building on the coastline and its immediate surroundings. In each day that passes more huts and bungalows are erected by our precious sea-wall.

P O ROBOT

We have machines which supply us with stamps in exchange for coppers. Russia is going farther and is to have post offices that are entirely automatic.

These automatic post offices consist of machines in four sections. One section accepts and weighs registered letters and the payment due is indicated by an illuminated sign. When the money is dropped into a slot the machine stamps the letter and issues a receipt. The second section deals with ordinary letters, the third section supplies post office forms, postcards, stamped envelopes, and writing paper, while newspapers come from the fourth.

ANYBODY'S VOYAGE OF DISCOVERY

A wonderful adventure is in store for the boys and girls who are lucky enough to visit the Children's World at the New York World's Fair next year.

A railway will take its passengers on a magical voyage of discovery. It will start off among the orange groves of sunny California, take a leap across the Atlantic to a rural English village; then take a peep at Holland, Switzerland, the lake districts of Italy, and, leaving Europe, plunge into African jungles, into Egypt, India, China, the Hawaii Islands, and, last of all, the West Indies. What an exciting tour of the world, and how the imaginative eyes of a child will drink it all in!

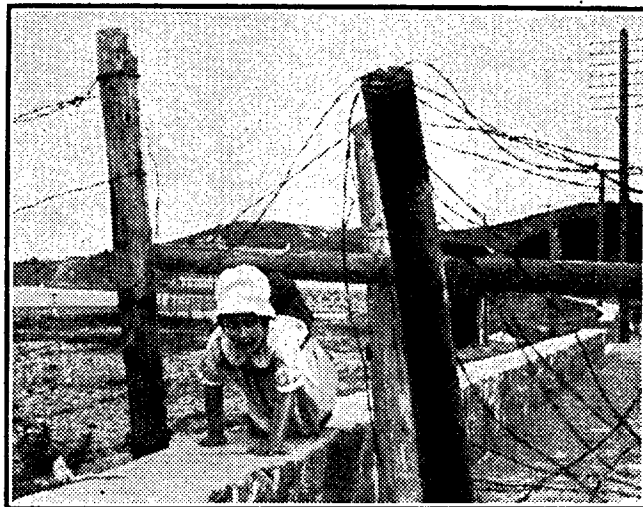
Then there will be shorter trips by miniature motor-cars, one through India and Arabia and another into the jungle. There will be boat rides on the Italian Lakes and a ride on real elephants.

THE BABY IN THE CAR

An inspector of the NSPCC told an audience the other night of a new form of cruelty to children.

To enable the parents to see their favourite film star a baby was locked in the back seat of their motor-car and left on the cinema parking ground. The crying of the child attracted the attention of the attendant, and it was necessary for the management to display a notice on the screen to secure the attendance of the parents to extricate the baby from the locked car.

CN Family in the War Zone



These pictures were sent to the CN by Mrs Hoyte of the China Inland Mission at Chefoo. They show, on the left, two of Mrs Hoyte's children making friends with a puppy at a Japanese sentry-post and, right, four-year-old Elizabeth creeping through a Japanese barbed-wire barricade.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

NOVEMBER 5 1938

Cousin Jonathan and His Hoard of Gold

As though America had not enough gold already buried in her vaults and useless, she continues to attract the precious metal in huge quantities.

A record total of nearly £41,000,000 in gold entered the United States during the week ending September 30. Of this amount £25,600,000 was received from England, £6,000,000 from Holland, £600,000 from Sweden, £6,000,000 from Canada, and over £2,000,000 from Japan.

America has now no less than 13,000 million dollars worth of gold, or say £2600,000,000. *She possesses this great stock because she will not adopt a liberal trade policy and buy goods from debtor countries.* In effect, she compels the world to pay gold for her raw materials.

Yet the gold she accumulates is useless to her. She can only lock it up in vaults. It has been taken out of the earth and in effect put back again.

And while the gold lies idle and useless in the vaults at least ten million Americans vainly seek employment.

The Boy in the Mine

So set apart are the mining communities, and so little is the public acquainted with the chief source from which their wealth is derived, that many people do not know that boys still work down our coal mines. It is many years since the C N did its best to bring them out.

The Durham Miners Association, one of the oldest and most influential of the miners unions, enters a powerful plea for these boys. It proposes:

That no boy be allowed to work below ground until he reaches 16, unless it is for spending one day a week underground to get experience and what is termed "pit sense."

That no boy be employed at any machinery, or anything connected with machine-minding, until he reaches manhood.

In some cases it is most distressing to take a boy down a mine. In one case we know of the lad burst into tears at the bottom of the shaft, and begged the kindly miner who took him down to hide the fact. Fortunately, he was not allowed to go down again. In a second case the mine had a terrible effect on a boy, threatening to wreck his nervous system. He had to go to hospital, and it was some time before he recovered.

Boys and girls who are free from such labour should never forget what they owe to those unfortunate lads who go down into the earth for coal.



THE EDITOR'S TABLE

John Carpenter's House, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the journalism of the world



The Doctor and the Bottle

THE reliance on old-fashioned "bottles of medicine" was scathingly referred to by Sir William Marshall the other day in a speech to the Scottish Health Insurance Committee.

He pointed out that for every two medical prescriptions issued in Glasgow seven were issued in Manchester. Yet the doctors were trained in the same universities, and the standard of medical knowledge in general was the same. Therefore, he went on, we must conclude either that the doctors in Glasgow were grossly negligent or incompetent, or the doctors in Manchester were continuing to pander to the delusion that a bottle of medicine was the last word in scientific medical treatment.

Our national health insurance system surely needs to bring the latest scientific knowledge to the help of the afflicted, not mere "bottles of medicine."

Labour Camps For Borstal Boys

THERE is nothing but good in the proposal to establish Labour Camps for Borstal boys.

To remove these boys from the confinement of four walls to life in the open air seems a wise step, and we hope the experiment will be successful. As we understand it, the intention is to make a start in the New Year.

Borstal boys are youths aged under 21, who are separately treated and safeguarded from contact with older offenders. The system gets its name from the place where it was first tried, at Borstal near Chatham. The boys work in bright workshops where they learn trades and get a real chance to make a new start.

Chinese Proverb

If you are planning for one year, sow grain; if for ten years, plant trees; but if for one hundred years, grow men.

A Ride to London

IN the old days they all walked to London—Shakespeare, Dick Whittington, and the rest. We have just heard of an old cyclist who has cycled to London, not for a stunt, but because he loves cycling.

He is 71 and lives near Glossop, and his journey both ways was 408 miles. What we like about his ride is that this youthful veteran looked in at all the churches and chapels he passed and *praised God for the health and strength which made the ride possible.*

Thank You, Goat

WE like the story sent to us from Dublin of a goat standing on its hind legs stripping off and eating the posters on a great hoarding.

Will someone please send a good supply of Dublin goats to our arterial roads?

Three Witnesses

A CORRESPONDENT sends us three indications of the intensity of relief of the German people when they heard the news of peace instead of war.

The working-class quarters of Berlin spontaneously decked themselves with flags, a thing only done at word of command under Hitlerism.

When the news reel was shown in the cinemas the whole audience broke into loud applause; one German wrote, "We quite wore our hands out with clapping."

At the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier in the heart of Berlin is a great wreath bound in scarlet, and an inscription in white silk letters now reads:

To the courageous dead of the war who have arisen in this hour and by their warning to the world have saved it from fresh horrors.

JUST AN IDEA

Do we realise enough that it is a great responsibility to be loved by anyone? It gives you such power for good or ill over the one who loves you.

Under the Editor's Table

A STAGE comedian says he doesn't use any make-up on his face. But he makes up his patter.

A TRAVELLER doesn't think much of the Alps. Prefers running down mountains to going up them.

GERMANS are now making sawdust edible. We have eaten chips for a long time.

A PAVEMENT artist has given an exhibition in a picture gallery. Is tired of people looking down on his work.

SOME authors put their friends in books. One way of shutting them up.

WHEN a boy knows he is in the right he should stick out. Not his tongue.

MAKING jam is a tedious job. You have to stick to it.

THE modern woman doesn't care much about being clever with her needle. Doesn't see the point of it.

Peter Puck Wants to Know



If a wheelwright puts his shoulder to the wheel

Jerusalem

JERUSALEM, my happy home,
When shall I come to thee?
When shall my sorrows have an end,
Thy joys when shall I see?

Thy ways are made of precious stones,
Thy bulwarks diamonds square;
Thy gates are of right orient pearl,
Exceeding rich and rare.

Thy turrets and thy pinnacles
With carbuncles do shine;
Thy very streets are paved with gold,
Surpassing clear and fine.

Thy houses are of ivory,
Thy windows crystal-clear,
Thy tiles are made of beaten gold:
O God, that I were there!

Ah, my sweet home, Jerusalem,
Would God I were in thee!
Would God my woes were at an end,
Thy joys that I might see!

Old English Song

O JERUSALEM, Jerusalem, thou that killest the prophets, and stonest them which are sent unto thee, how often would I have gathered thy children together even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, and ye would not! Behold, your house is left unto you desolate.

Jesus

By the rivers of Babylon, there we sat down, yea, we wept when we remembered Zion. We hanged our harps upon the willows in the midst thereof.

For there they that carried us away captive required of us a song; and they that wasted us required of us mirth, saying, Sing us one of the songs of Zion. How shall we sing the Lord's song in a strange land?

If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning. If I do not remember thee, let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth, if I prefer not Jerusalem above my chief joy.

Psalms 137

The Decline of Spain

Cervantes smiled Spain's chivalry away;
A single laugh demolished the right arm

Of his own country; seldom since that day

Has Spain had heroes. While Romance could charm

The world gave ground before her bright array:

And therefore have his volumes done much harm,

That all their glory, as a composition, Was dearly purchased by his land's perdition.

Byron

The Value of Example

When one person really steps out into the desperate adventure of following Jesus all the way, someone else will see and want to follow too. There is a splendid contagion in courageous goodwill.

A Quaker message

AMERICA COPYING OUR SOCIAL IDEAS

How They Do Things in Utica

It was only the other day that President Roosevelt declared that our British system of social services was a model for the world.

America is far behind in this respect, but is now beginning to adopt such measures as Old Age Pensions and Unemployment Insurance. One of our readers is in a public office in New York State and his work is to help to make the wheels of the State Insurance scheme go round smoothly. He sends us some notes of the working of the scheme.

The Unemployment Insurance of New York State, though passed in 1935, only began to pay out benefits this year, the paying-in by the workers having been graded over two years. Our reader is one of a staff of 31 at Utica, a town which happens to be famous throughout America for the number of its charitable institutions.

Utica has a population of 100,000, the total in the State being nearly 13 millions. By the end of the first week the local staff of Utica had handled 18,000 applications, and the average number seen daily this summer was from 1000 to 1500.

Help For One in Six

The insurance terms are not so favourable as in this country, for there the waiting period before benefit can be paid is three weeks, when half their wages are paid as benefit, with a maximum of £3 and not less than £1 weekly for a period which does not exceed 16 weeks in any year. To become eligible a man must have been employed at least 90 days in the preceding year, or 130 days in the preceding two years.

What happened to the unemployed in this State of America before the new Act came into force? An agency called Tera and other public and private agencies helped the citizens in their days of need. Tera (the Temporary Emergency Relief Administration), which was in being for nearly six years, spent £230,000,000 to help five million people, one in every six in the State being helped in the bad winter of 1934. An average of £46 was spent on everyone on the roll, 60 per cent being children, while the 60 per cent of the population who did not need aid paid £19 each in State, Federal, and local taxes toward the fund, as well as contributing to the Red Cross, Salvation Army, and other private relief agencies.

In July last year the State Department of Social Welfare took over the care of the 660,000 on Tera's roll, budgeting for an expenditure of £19,000,000 for the year, with the expectation of as much again from Federal sources.

Old Age Pensions had been provided in 1936, and these with Unemployment Insurance have given new prospects to the inhabitants of this State.

SWASTIKA DAGGERS

Brazil Declines an Ambassador

Brazil, the biggest State of South America, has declined to recognise the German Ambassador.

The reason for this grave step is that investigations into recent revolts have proved that arms were supplied from Germany to the insurgents, thousands of daggers having been found marked with the swastika. There is a population of two or three hundred thousand people of German origin in Brazil, many of them being implicated in the recent revolts. The German Ambassador is suspected of having exceeded his powers, engaging in pursuits which were not exactly diplomatic.

Nations Great and Small

THE NEW EUROPE

ALL the geography books are rapidly becoming out-of-date in Europe.

Europe, as left by the Great War, was divided into 36 States, some very big, others very small. These have been reduced to 34 by the annexation of Austria by Germany and the incorporation of the Saar territory with Germany by a plebiscite.

Of the 34 remaining States the Great Powers and their populations are now as follows:

Britain	47 millions
Russia	140 millions
France	42 millions
Germany	78 millions
Italy	44 millions

So the five Great Powers have an aggregate population of 351,000,000, which means that they contain by far the greater part of the population of all Europe.

In considering Russia we have to remember that its Government makes no dividing line between its European and Asiatic territories, and that in addition to the 140,000,000 in Europe there are some 40,000,000 people in Russian Asia. Russia has by far the biggest population in the world living within a single political boundary line.

The Smaller Powers

In addition to the five Great Powers there are six European nations with populations of 10,000,000 or upwards. They are:

Poland	35 millions
Spain	25 millions
Rumania	20 millions
Yugo-Slavia	15 millions
Czecho-Slovakia	11 millions
Hungary	10 millions

Poland is now approaching the European leaders in point of population, her 35,000,000 comparing with the 42,000,000 of France. By the political adjustment just made she has taken over Teschen, the population of the ceded territory being about 250,000.

Czecho-Slovakia's population, after the ceding of certain areas to Germany, Poland, and Hungary, can only be estimated. In putting her remaining population in 1938 at 11,000,000 we have allowed for a reduction of roundly 4,000,000; it may prove to be more or less than this figure. She will be left with 3,000,000 more people than Belgium. Hungary may possibly rise to a population of 10,000,000 through the ceding

to her of certain areas on her southern borders by Czecho-Slovakia.

There remains a long list of small nations with populations less than 10,000,000. These are:

Belgium .. 8 millions	Switzerland 4 millions
Holland .. 8 millions	Denmark .. 4 millions
Greece .. 7 millions	Finland .. 4 millions
Portugal .. 7 millions	Norway .. 3 millions
Sweden .. 6 millions	Irish Free
Bulgaria .. 6 millions	State .. 3 millions

The importance of these nations is by no means to be reckoned solely by their numerical strength. Holland, Belgium, and Portugal have great overseas possessions, and all the eleven have much to be proud of. In this connection we may recall that a Czecho-Slovakia with 11,000,000 people will be a nation of considerable strength, tenth in Europe in point of population.

We have thus recorded 22 European nations, all with populations exceeding 3,000,000.

A United States of Europe?

The remaining 12 States are Lithuania, Latvia, Estonia, Danzig, Liechtenstein, Luxembourg, Albania, Turkey in Europe, Iceland, Andorra, Monaco, and San Marino, which between them have a population of roundly 8,000,000.

Turkey as a nation is mainly in Asia, her European population being little more than a million, while her Asiatic population is over 14,000,000, so that she has in all over 15,000,000 people.

This, then, is Europe's population in 1938 in broad outlines, a total of 535,000,000. The five Great Powers have 351 millions; other nations with over 10,000,000 people have 116 millions; 11 nations with populations between 3,000,000 and 9,000,000 have 60 millions; and 12 little States have 8 millions.

Some day, let us hope, it will be possible to record the existence of a United States of Europe, a happy federation of peoples rejoicing at once in their individuality and in their cooperation. The United Kingdom itself is such a federation, Germany is another, Italy a third—all three are combinations of States which for centuries made war on each other. We must all hope that we may now look forward to a step towards European unity, and we can help so desirable a consummation by encouraging friendliness in every way among the peoples. It was Voltaire who said: "I am one of those who hold that the people of Europe are all of one nation."

All Done By Kindness

THE COURTESY POLICE ARE SAVING LIFE

LANCASHIRE is the first county to report on how the courteous policemen save lives and limbs on the roads.

The courtesy police who tell the erring motorist what he is doing wrong, or where he is about to go wrong, in the friendliest terms, succeeded in halving the accidents on Lancashire roads this summer. In the six months from April to October nearly 2000 fewer people were killed or injured on the Lancashire roads than in the same six months last year.

Such results deserve further examination, and the scheme the further trial which it is to have till March 31 next year.

Among the results are that 344 fewer children were killed or injured, a reduction of 45 per cent, and Lancashire as a whole reduced the accidents by 46 per cent while the rest of England reduced them by only 5 per cent. On roads where intensive supervision was exercised by the courtesy police the accidents were reduced by 73 per cent. How was it done? To the ordinary

Lancashire police 331 men were added, who received special training in motor-driving and also in the best way of approaching the man at the wheel on the road. How busy they were kept is shown by the fact that they spoke to 490,000. Many were advised, many were cautioned, but the prosecutions for improper or dangerous driving were reduced by 58 per cent.

The courtesy police operated from fixed points or on motor-cycles or other motor vehicles. They also employed loudspeaker cars. Advice tendered by loudspeaker is heard by many besides those committing the foolish actions which call for it. This method carried out at danger points was most successful. A good lesson was enjoyed by all; but the point of the whole scheme was that it was given in the spirit not that the motorist is always wrong, but that he only needs telling what to do right.

Safety by kindness is a lesson that might well be applied to international politics as well as to road users.

HELIUM OR NO HELIUM?

War Fears and the Great Zeppelin

Elaborate experiments are being carried out in the attempt to perfect a mechanism for preventing such accidents as that which destroyed the Hindenburg at New Jersey last year.

Attempting to anchor at her mooring-mast in a storm, the great vessel by some means emitted a spark from her frame which ignited escaping hydrogen and set the ship on fire. Although the combination of circumstances was unusual, they might at any time recur, so inquiry is being made to see whether dangerous conditions of the sort can be detected in advance.

There is a hope of success, for they are clever and experienced men who are engaged on the task; nobody can yet equal the Germans in the design of airships. But all the pains they are now taking for this one small yet vital point might be spared if the United States could trust Germany.

Hydrogen, the most inflammable of gases, is the lifting agent of the Zeppelin. Helium is almost as good, and possesses the sovereign virtue of being non-flammable. America has enough helium to stock whole navies of airships, and Germany has sought to acquire stores from her, compressed and sent across the Atlantic.

America Will Not Sell

But America will not sell helium to Germany. In the present state of world unfriendliness she has no guarantee, she says, that helium-filled Zeppelins might not be used for war.

We are not to suppose that America means simply to protect the nations of Europe against possible Zeppelin attack; it is for her own protection that she makes her no-helium declaration.

The Hindenburg proved herself capable again and again of crossing from Frankfort to New Jersey in little more than 50 hours. Her carrying-power exceeded by far that of any giant aeroplane. On her last voyage, in addition to cargo, fuel, water, and so on, she carried 97 persons.

The new Zeppelin is bigger than the Hindenburg and carries more, so that, were unfriendly relations to occur between the two countries, she could swiftly drop bombs on New York. An incendiary bullet or two would set her on fire while she is inflated with hydrogen, but filled with helium she would have to be shot to pieces before she could be destroyed.

As soon as world peace can be positively assured Germany will have access to as much helium as all her airships can need; but until then each one that takes the air must go in fear of explosion and disaster, unless these experiments succeed.

The Policeman's Knock

Sometimes the evil that men do leads on to something good.

This is true in Sussex, where years ago some poachers were caught red-handed. They were found to have a large number of rabbits, and rather than throw the rabbits away the police gave them to poor families. That was the beginning of the custom which has grown up round Arundel, Chichester, and Horsham of giving Christmas boxes to about 2000 poor families.

The police Father Christmas has already begun collecting money and making arrangements for their wonderful Christmas Eve. They need about a thousand pounds, and between now and Christmas they will devote much of their spare time to visiting the poor. When they knock at a door they will smile, for they will not be there on business but on an errand of mercy.

DAVID AND GOLIATH

The Power of the Little Host Down the Ages

TIME will show what will happen to the little Czech and Slovak peoples in the shadow of the mighty German Reich, but we need not despair of the future of such gallant peoples. Not once nor twice in the world's great story a little David has survived the onslaught of Goliath.

The courage that never knows when it is beaten is a thing no man and no nation can stand against. The Slave Trade could not stand against it; with all the hundreds of millions of gold behind it, it crumbled and fell as pebble after pebble from the slings of little Davids struck it.

Garibaldi of Italy

In spite of all that Signor Mussolini would have us believe, it was the spirit of a David that made Italy what she is. Many living men saw Garibaldi, and it is strange now to remember that he was sentenced to death as a bandit, and driven a fugitive in the forests of South America. But the thought of the despots who were strangling Italy, of the petty little Caesars who made that glorious land a prison and a torture-house, was too much for Garibaldi. He returned and took up his sling and his pebble and aimed at Goliath on his bloodstained throne.

The pebble of Garibaldi was a Thousand Heroes. He set out to free Italy with 1000 men, packed into two small steamers. There were 100 doctors, 100 merchants, 150 lawyers, 50 engineers, 20 chemists, and a lot of workmen, a few priests, artists, authors, butchers, and cobblers; and they sailed out from Genoa in the dead of night, stole some ammunition from a fort, and just managed to hide themselves from two warships crammed with thousands of troops.

The Boy at the Barricade

They were to break down one of the most frightful despotisms ever entrenched in Europe, and they faced an army of 24,000, backed up with a fleet.

They reached Palermo by a secret way, flung up a huge barricade, and fought as if they had all the heroes in the world behind them, so that at last the Government sent an ambassador, and Garibaldi's boldness so deceived them that the Government surrendered, the troops left the city, and the capital of Sicily was won by a rabble of 1000 men, worn out, on the verge of exhaustion. In three months Sicily was free, and Garibaldi offered the throne of Italy to the man who had sentenced him to death as a bandit.

That is the spirit of which liberty is made, and the story of the nations rings with it. Garibaldi must often have thought of that fine little lad at Palermo who cheered up the men when a barricade was battered down. Garibaldi passed through the opening, but the men were afraid to follow, so keen was the fire on the other side. But at a critical moment a boy from Genoa ran to the opening and sat there waving a flag at the enemy, and the soldiers, seeing that the shooting was bad, ran in and took the city.

Long ago, in the days when Greece was great, she too had her Davids. They were at Thermopylae, a little host of a thousand men against the Persian Army. It was their leader who, when somebody said that if they fought Persia the very sun would be hidden by the arrows, replied, "All the better, then, for we shall fight in the shade." And again at Salamis the Greek David met the Persian Army—so great that it was said they drank two rivers dry!

It was Themistocles who won immortal glory for his country by calling up the men of Athens and moving them to fight by sea. As the light from the burning villages lit up the horizon the Greeks put their women and children in the boats and sent them to places of safety. Then the Persian Fleet came. The king sat on a cliff on a throne of gold, with princes about him and scribes to write down their glorious deeds; but the ships of Persia were broken one by one, and at sunset the King of Persia was in flight, his throne of gold left behind.

*A king sate on the rocky brow
Which looks o'er sea-born Salamis;
And ships by thousands lay below,
And men in nations—all were his!
He counted them at break of day,
And when the sun set where were they?*

All nations and empires have felt the power of the little host. The British Empire has felt it. We felt it in America, when a little host refused to pay an unjust tax and went out from among the British civilising forces of the world. We have felt it on those great occasions in our history when little hosts driven out from other lands have taken refuge in these islands, to blend their qualities of heart and mind and soul with ours. In peace, as in war, the little one has many times become a thousand, and the small host a strong nation. Isaiah said it should be so, and all history has proved him right. Has there been, in the history of mankind, anything comparable with the way in which the power once held by a dozen men has overspread the earth?

The Rise of Christianity

That is what Christianity has done. It came into the world a hunted fugitive. Its very birth was in a hiding place, and it raised its head slowly in lowly places, with the hand of every man in power against it, with rulers seeking to destroy it, and priests willing that it should be so. It sought no earthly throne, but it threw aside all claim to such powers as kings control. It was content that the seed should fall and bear fruit where it would, and so it came about that the power that was to lift up mankind, the most enduring vital force that ever came from the depth of the universe to move and mould the lives of men, was left after Calvary in charge of one or two simple men—tax gatherers and fishermen, and one or two rare followers who came openly by day, or secretly by night, and joined the little host. With such a start, in

Continued on page 9

The Lifeboatman • School Puppe



The Lifeboatman—Mr J. Todd, a member of the Ramsgate lifeboat crew for more than 40 years, caught by the camera while standing by during recent rough weather.



In Dry Dock—Scraping the underpart of the hull of the Royal Mail liner Asturias at Southampton, an operation which adds to the speed of a ship

ts • In Dry Dock • New Roadmaker



Wirepullers—Boys of Northcott's School at Walthamstow and some of their puppets which gave a display in London last week.

INSECTS BY THE MILLION
70,000 Caught in a Night

WE are glad to know that the Government has granted £14,500 to Rothamsted, the oldest agricultural research station in the world, down at Harpenden.

One of the researches now going on is into the migration of insects. Ingenious traps have been set, and in one night during the summer the catch was *seventy thousand insects*.

It was a good catch, but Rothamsted does not need to be informed of the place where we may see and examine more than *three million insects*. They are in the Natural History Museum at South Kensington, for the most part systematically arranged for the use of students in the basement. Let us look about this place, which is free for us all.

The Terrible Termite

Most of us divide insects into those that are pleasant or obnoxious to us, and among the second the termites (or white ants) occupy a prominent place. They will attack a forest tree and riddle its bark so that it dies; they can destroy all but the very hardest wood, and are the terror of small towns and villages in many of the Dominions with houses built on wood piles. Their immense nests are sometimes ten feet high, and portions of them are exhibited here to show their construction.

Bees and wasps of various species also have their nests, all these colonies of tiny citizens showing that extraordinary combination of industry and intelligence which has been held up to admiration since the days of Solomon. The leaf-cutting bee's activities are well known even to the amateur gardener, though he does not always recognise the agent.

It may be taken as the leading example of the insects destroying vegetation, to which much space and scope is devoted at South Kensington, with examples showing the damage done to fruit trees and other plants, and the insect itself in all its stages of development. Here, for example, is the red currant bush with the red currant bud moth which shrivels and destroys all the young leaf buds. The black currant has its particular attacker, and the apple tree several. In one museum case we see its flower buds withered and in another covered with the woolly aphid.

The Silverfish

Among destructive insects the silverfish holds front rank. They are occasionally seen in England in old houses and churches in old wood, looking like tiny pieces of quicksilver. But abroad they are larger and more voracious; they eat books and photographs and clothes.

Among more familiar insects are the short-lived Mayfly, all the beautiful varieties of the dragon-fly that haunt summer pools, flies and gnats, the poisonous and aggressive horsefly. The cockroach is seen here in many sizes, with his poor and unwanted relation, the black beetle of our kitchens, and all the other beetles great and small. The death-watch beetle is shown in his residence in one of the oak beams from Westminster Hall, a beam he has reduced to powder. Those who have lived in very old houses know the sensation of waking in the dark to the regular ticking of a clock in a bedroom with no clock; it is the death-watch beetle at work. The bird lice are not without a

certain morbid charm, for they vary in different species. Even the stately albatross is not exempt, nor is the eagle, and we have all seen the London sparrows having energetic dust baths to rid themselves of the minute lice in their feathers. The rare and curious stick insects, looking like fine twigs, are in a case together, and so are the leaf insects, whose green wings are indistinguishable from the leaf on which they feed. The praying mantis is standing on its hind legs with its fore legs folded, as if at prayer. It is a pious fraud, for the mantis is really only waiting for its dinner, and its fore legs shoot out with astonishing speed to entrap its prey.

Butterflies and moths, unendingly fascinating in their variety, pattern, and colouring, are spread out in their cases, all labelled, all lifelike, yet not alive. We might be sorry for that, but no such emotion touches us when we come to the arachnids, the group including spiders and scorpions. The scorpion does not belie its appearance. It is nocturnal, it hides, it catches its prey in its claws, and kills it with its sting.

Spiders of Many Kinds

The bird-eating spider is a terrific animal with hairy legs, hunting by night and springing on its prey from holes in trees or in the ground. We can well believe that the bite of one of them is painful. The clever trapdoor spider makes a neat little silk-padded door to his burrow, and conceals it by matching it with its surroundings on the outside. He watches for his prey by keeping the door ajar. The wolf spider is the true tarantula, feared in Italy for its bite, which was said to induce a frenzied dance in its victims. Here are our own water spiders and the gossamer spider whose threads brush across our faces in the late summer. A pretty French notion in the Middle Ages was that they floated down from Mary when she was wearing the veil of the Temple, and so they were called Mary's threads.

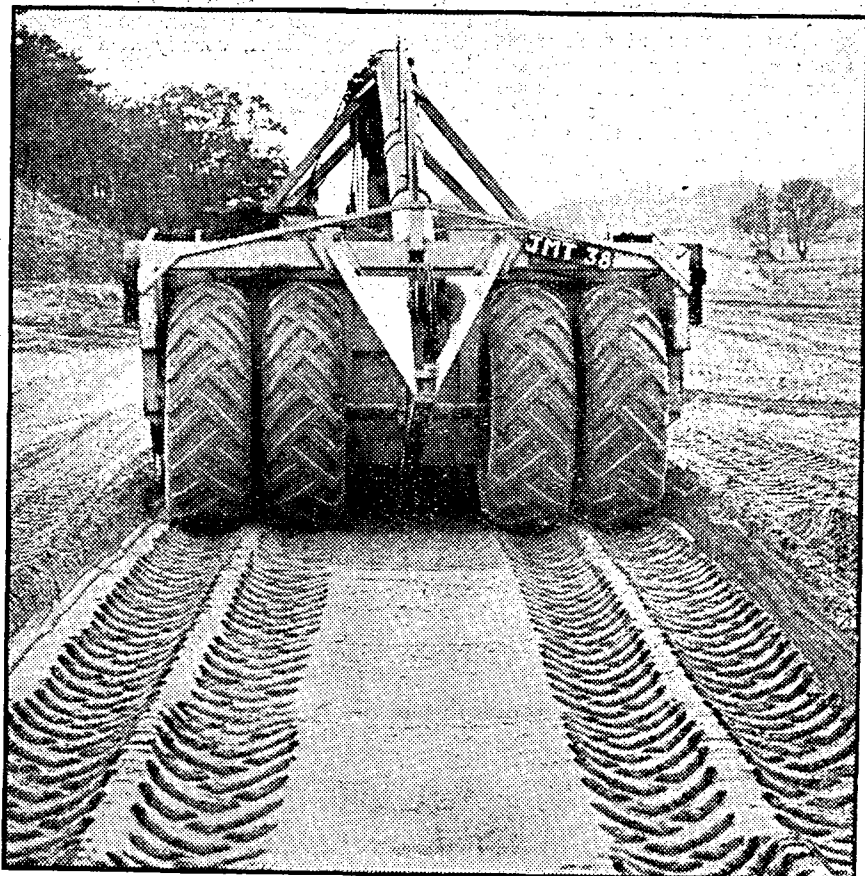
DAVID AND GOLIATH

Continued from page 8

hourly danger from the great powers of the world, Christianity set out on its everlasting way.

Its Founder crucified, its few followers persecuted, there seemed little room in this great world for men with this strange doctrine. They were driven into holes like hunted beasts: we can see for miles today the homes they burrowed in the earth, hiding like criminals from the Roman Empire. But where is the Roman Empire now, and where is Christianity? Verily, Goliath has fallen, and David is on his throne.

All through the ages it has been so, and it will be so. Right may be for ever on the scaffold and wrong on the throne, but the scaffold sways the future. The forces of righteousness that govern the world are like the forces of irresistible armies. No storms can overthrow them, no enemy can strike them down for ever. They rise again, conquerors of all things, and they will rise in that great day when tyranny and ignorance and the powers of darkness are finally overthrown, and nothing that is mean can endure in the light of the sun.



New Roadmaker—This curious-looking machine is engaged in making a new arterial road at Farnham in Surrey. Operated by one man, it removes 12 yards of soil at a time.

A LITTLE BROTHER OF ST FRANCIS

The Four Masters and the Book of Ireland

The unveiling of a monument to the Four Masters in Donegal Town has recalled a work in 17th century Ireland which proves that even in that land of age-long strife the pen is mightier than the sword.

When, toward the close of the great Elizabethan Era, our poet Edmund Spenser was running for his life from his burning home (Kilcolman Castle in Cork), a young Irishman was trying to live up to his Christian name of Tadhg (poet) at Kilbarron on Donegal Bay. While Spenser recorded little but evil of the land and people among whom he dwelt, Tadhg O'Clery rescued from oblivion the romance of his nation's history, which would have provided Spenser with another Faerie Queene.

Thousands of Students

O'Clery was descended from a noble and literary family, and, studying Irish history and literature in East Munster, won such a national reputation that he received a great welcome when he entered the Franciscan convent at Louvain, having adopted Michael as the Christian name he was to be known by in the future.

The famous Belgian university then had 6000 students, the College of St Anthony being Irish and presided over by another Donegal scholar-poet, Hugh Macanward. In 1620, when O'Clery was 45, Macanward sent him to collect Irish manuscripts, and he was so successful that at the end of ten years he had compiled a book (called the Royal List) in which the lives of Irish kings and saints were written. His manuscript can be seen today in the Burgundian Library at Brussels.

The Story of Ireland

Then, after a year in the convent of Lisgoole in County Fermanagh, spent in revising the Book of Invasions, a record of the many invasions of Ireland, Michael settled down in a cottage built beside the ruins of Donegal Abbey to labour for four years on the masterpiece which made him famous. Three other scholars helped him, and so the book is known as Annals of the Four Masters.

Its actual title is Annals of the Kingdom of Ireland, and it tells the history of his native land from the ancient times when Ceasair, granddaughter of Noah, arrived in Ireland to the year 1616, though Michael's handwriting ceases with the record of 1605.

The earlier part of this monumental work consists of very brief entries of names and battles, interspersed with a few quotations from historical poems. One of the poems is of some length and describes the Battle of Killaderry in 866. As the Annals approached the time in which he lived the entries grow longer and are more flowing in style, though this style is more stilted and archaic than was the fashion of literary Irish in the early 17th century.

Two Memorials

The original manuscript is in the Royal Irish Academy at Dublin, and reveals much of the character of its author in the neat small letters, all perfectly formed if slightly unequal in height. No reward came to this devoted student, who lived in poverty writing day by day in a tiny cottage and continuing his task for Irish literature with lives of Irish saints until he passed on at Louvain in 1643.

Irish culture is once again becoming a living force in St Patrick's island, and the monument now unveiled in the memory of the Four Masters is the second to them, for the new church in Donegal Town bears their name, recalling those Brothers of St Francis who devoted their lives to learning at a time when the sword was at its foul work of cleaving their native land asunder.

Thirty Days Hath November

THIRTY days hath November, but why? It is because the first emperor of Rome was a vain man.

Augustus believed that Apollo, the sun god, was his ancestor, and flatterers would pretend they could not sustain the gaze of his divinely bright eyes. When it was decided to rename the sunniest month of the year after him it only contained 30 days, whereas July, which had been dedicated to Julius Caesar, contained 31, and Augustus would not permit his month to be less than the others. So August was given 31 days, and then, to prevent three long months from coming together, September and November were made to give up a day each to October and December.

This spoiled the wise arrangements of Julius Caesar, who had ordered that the first, third, fifth, seventh, ninth, and eleventh months should have 31 days, while the even months should have 30, with the exception of February. Caesar's system was the easier to remember.

Romulus is said to have divided the year into ten months, beginning with March. The first month of his year, as its name suggests, was sacred to Mars, god of war; April meant the month of opening, when the earth opens to bring forth flowers; May was dedicated to Maia, the mother of Mercury, to whom Keats wrote so lovely a poem; and June was dedicated to youth, the juniors. The remaining months were simply known as Fifth, Sixth, Seventh, Eighth, Ninth, and Tenth.

The Origin of January

Numa, successor of Romulus, added two months to the calendar, calling one January after Janus, the god with the two heads, looking back at the past and forward to the future; and one February, after the Roman feast of expiation and purification. At first February was placed at the end of the year, but in 452 B.C. the magistrates of Rome decided that it should be the second month. Later the months which had been named Fifth and Sixth were renamed July and August, after the first and

second Caesars of Rome. The remaining months keep their old names still, for September, October, November, and December mean seventh, eighth, ninth, and tenth, although the numbers no longer fit.

The ancient Romans fixed the calendar by the lunar year, which was short of the solar year by ten days. To make up the difference they used to add an extra month every two years, and this month could be lengthened or shortened at the discretion of the magistrates.

Julius Caesar ended all this confusion with the help of Sosigenes, an astronomer of Alexandria. He abolished the lunar year and fixed the civil year by the time the earth takes to perform a revolution in its orbit about the sun. This gives a year of 365 days and a fraction, and the fraction is made up by giving February an extra day every fourth year (or nearly every fourth, for it is dropped at times).

Julius Caesar and the Year

Before the new system could be started a year of 445 days had to be counted to make good the mistakes which had gone before. Then, in the 46th year before the birth of Christ began the first Julian year of 365 days.

We have kept to Caesar's calendar ever since, but at first men did not realise the wisdom of his reform, and Cicero was among those who mocked him for meddling with time. The old lunar year was good enough for our fathers, they said; it is impious to make such changes.

In spite of Caesar's wisdom some confusion still lingers as to the meaning of the word month in a document, for it may mean a lunar month of 28 days instead of a calendar month of 30 or 31. But if the world is not quite sure what it means by a month, at least it knows what it means by a year, thanks to Julius Caesar. We are ungrateful beings, and remember his battles while we forget his calendar, though the Julian year has outlived the old Roman Empire, and will doubtless outlive the new Roman Empire of Signor Mussolini.

What is Behind the Cheap Umbrella?

THE conviction of a mail order firm for selling a foreign umbrella without a mark of its foreign origin is remarkable for much more than the breach of an Act of Parliament.

In its simplest form an umbrella is a very complicated thing. It has to have a stick and handle of wood, cane, or metal, a hinged frame to open out, made of metal, and a cover of fabric, which must be stitched to the frame. When all this is sold retail for 2s 11d, wherever made, it amounts to a miracle of mass industry.

The retail and wholesale selling profits can hardly be less than a third of the retail price, which leaves only 2s. The umbrella, with others, has to be well packed in a case to withstand a sea voyage and pay cost of carriage. In the country where it was made raw

materials have to be assembled and manufactured, and the manufactured materials put together with a certain amount of hand work; at each point there are costs for carriage, general charges for rent, light, and so on, and, above all, wages to pay; all these things to leave profits to the various employers concerned.

How is it done? Who will draw up for us an account showing how the final 2s 11d, paid by a buyer in England is divided up between British and foreign makers, carriers, and handlers? It would be a most fascinating and instructive set of figures.

It is impossible, on broad principles, to avoid the conclusion that the 2s 11d umbrella represents a degree of underpayment of labour which is not creditable or to be tolerated.

Thomas Bray and His 39 Libraries

IT is just over two hundred years since the death of Thomas Bray, who has been called "the greatest cultural force in the history of colonial America."

An Englishman, he was well known as cleric, scholar, and diplomat, and when the Governor of Maryland and his Colonial Assembly decided that the province of Maryland should be divided into parishes, each with a minister, and wrote asking the Bishop of London's advice about the scheme, it was Thomas Bray who was asked to go and establish the Church across the Atlantic.

Bray had already founded many libraries for the clergy in England and

foreign lands, and he agreed to go to Maryland if the bishops would help him to establish libraries there by providing him with books.

His visit lasted only six months, but during that time he set up 39 lending libraries, although he did not succeed in persuading the Assembly to use the public funds to support free libraries. Some of the libraries he set up had over a thousand volumes, which was thought wonderful in those days.

So, long before the days of Andrew Carnegie, Thomas Bray founded the free library in America and sowed the seeds of culture there.

PETER PUCK LOOKS OUT ON MEN AND BOYS

Are They Getting Slovens?

We were glad to see the other day that the B B C dropped the idea of talking to men about fashions in clothes, yet we feel we may allow Peter Puck to have this word on the subject.

Are our boys and men becoming slovens? he asks. The challenge is issued to our youth.

It is not an unimportant question, for surely a man owes it to himself, to Nature, and to society to be at least as presentable as the animals.

Man boasts of his superiority to beasts and birds, but how often his personal appearance is sufficiently shapeless and untidy to scare any animal, whether possessing two legs or four!

Parliament As It Was

I hardly dare mention it, but the appearance in the press of a big photograph of one of our leading politicians showed us such a slouching and crumpled figure as was well calculated, if published in foreign lands, to convey the impression that we are governed by slovens.

Parliament, indeed, has begun to exhibit a carelessness of costume which would have excited the censure of observers a generation ago. In the old days our legislators took the trouble to look like statesmen, garbing themselves in dignified clothes. We owe much to our clothes. When we dress in shapeless tubes of cloth we are really making fun of ourselves. While we need not be dandies, we might at least look shapely, and not disfigure the human form divine by converting it into a disreputable scarecrow.

The New Uniform

The thing has now come to this, that the youths and young men of our time are adopting a slovenly uniform. That seems a contradiction, but it is not so. The word uniform has come to be associated with the special clothes worn by soldiers, policemen, and others, and therefore to convey shapeliness and smartness. But uniform, of course, really means *all alike*, and when we speak of the new uniform of the streets we refer to the common adoption by men of clothes consisting of:

1. A baggy pair of flannel trousers, usually of a dark grey colour.
2. A tweed jacket, usually of a dull brown colour.

These are undistinguished enough when brand-new, and a little use makes them the embodiment of the word *slouch*, an expressive term which came to us from the north and means awkward, ungainly, drooping, without form, hanging down. When this dull uniform is surmounted by a slouching cap the de-facement of mankind is complete.

Women Not Guilty

The ladies know better. We do not see either girls or women slouching about in premeditated ugliness. They adorn what Nature already made beautiful (sometimes) and make our streets and homes bright and cheerful. They are like flowers (sometimes).

Nothing, indeed, is more remarkable than to see a modern youth and a modern maiden walking together, the boy a shapeless slouch, usually with one hand in his pocket, as though he did not know what else to do with it, the girl as trim and as neat as a bird, her hands seeming to belong to her.

We may, therefore, address ourselves to the new generation of boys, and ask them to consider how much we owe to birds and beasts because they take trouble with themselves. A cat, or a canary, is neat and trim. What a world it would be if dogs and thrushes, cows and blackbirds, rabbits and robins went slouching about to shame Nature and to hurt our eyes! Let man resolve no longer to be the only untidy animal.

THE VOICE OF PEACE One Man Against 3000

In Papua the white man lives often so dangerously that we may never hear any more of the adventure of District Officer Taylor with the uncivilised mountain tribesmen.

But, though his exploit took place half a world away, it has power to thrill us even when told in half a dozen lines.

The wild mountain tribes of Papua are held back from harrying their neighbours by a sprinkling of white settlers and officials, mostly Australians, who have trained friendly coast Papuans as a force of police.

Very good police they are, faithful to death; and with a handful of them District Officer Taylor faced over 3000 tribesmen from the mountains who were bent on fire and slaughter. No doubt could exist of their intention, for among them were a number of firebrands who had broken loose a few weeks before, and had attacked a larger Native Patrol than that commanded by Mr Taylor. The patrol had lost 12 men killed, and more wounded by poisoned arrows; in short, the forest fires were burning. Nevertheless Mr Taylor with his handful faced the 3000. A stray arrow from some malcontent might have set them moving, wiping out his patrol, and gathering fury as it went; but he talked them round.

He talked them round! That is half a line of the half dozen in which the tale is told; but it speaks volumes.

Away From It All?

The story is told of a country postman who a little while ago enjoyed his first holiday with pay.

When he went back to work he was asked what he had done during his holiday, and he replied: "Why, the first day I pulls my onions, and the next day I digs my taters, and all the other days I thought the new postman seemed a bit lonely so I went with him on his rounds to keep him company."

The Stag and Its Antlers

The parks in and about London in which deer are kept afford just now an example of how completely instinct in animals overrides artificial ties of friendship.

The stags have shed the velvet from their antlers and are now battling for mates. They bell and fight one with another as they have done since deer were deer; and even people with whom they have been on terms of the closest confidence throughout the summer are now no safer from their fury than implacable enemies. The gentle deer has become, for a season, a dangerous animal unapproachable even by keepers.

The antlers are there for both defence and defiance. They are grown during the summer to last the few months of winter; next spring they will fall, and the riotous stag will be as docile as a tame rabbit.

What a fury of internal activity has been excited to promote that great growth of bone in so short a time! There is nothing in mammal life to excel the rapidity of this tremendous development of substance fashioned from the blood of the animal.

Italians For the Land of Promise

Italian peasants to the number of 15,000 are on their way to Africa from Genoa, Naples, and Syracuse in fleets of steamers led by Marshal Balbo, Governor of Libya.

This great company of men, women, and children will actually double the number of peasants who have crossed the Mediterranean to this land of hope since it was annexed 27 years ago.

The new emigrants have been granted land for cultivation together with farm-houses completely furnished, which will become their own property when they have cultivated it well.

The Nazi War on Christianity

While Pastor Niemoeller grows weaker and weaker in his Prussian prison, held captive by the Secret Police though the German judges set him free, the Reich Commissioner in Vienna has launched a bitter attack on the Roman Catholic Church in Austria.

Addressing a mass meeting Herr Buerckel announced orders annulling all agreements reached between the State and the Church, the dropping of the proposed amnesty for political and religious prisoners, and the abolition of Roman Catholic schools.

The Commissioner went on to attack the Cardinal and the priests of Vienna, calling them traitors to the Reich. By declaring that Christ was their Fuhrer, he said, they were impudently introducing the name of Christ into politics.

It must be remembered that Austria is a land of devout Roman Catholics and that the youth of that country has been brought up in that faith. The Nazi State wishes to bring up all its boys and girls to worship the State rather than God, but, while so much pagan doctrine is allowed to be preached by leaders of youth in Germany, the churches are uniting in their efforts to maintain the Christian ideals.

CWS of Jumbo

There has long been doubt as to just when and where the Cooperative Wholesale Society started.

As C N readers know, the CWS is the central buying and selling organisation for the local cooperative societies spread all over the country. It has no control over the cooperative societies, but stands simply as a central body from whom they can all make purchases if they so desire.

Now a new book about the CWS establishes once for all that it started at a little tea-party held in the Lancashire hamlet of Jumbo in 1860.

ON THE SPOT The Policeman and the German Road Hog

We understand that the police in charge of traffic in Germany are disturbed in mind because there are 8000 killed and 175,000 injured on their roads every year.

Hitherto the policeman on the spot has been authorised to levy a fine, but this does not seem to have acted as a deterrent. Now whenever he thinks fit he can deflate the tyres of an offender—we do not know whether it is done by letting out the air or by boring a hole! Also the policeman on duty may take away the driving licence on the spot and keep it for any time up to three months.

We wonder what the careless driver is to do whose tyres have been bored and whose licence has been confiscated. We can imagine him sitting on the roadside with his derelict car on his hands, but we are not sorry for him; rather we should welcome such a sight on our own great roads.

Whales in the Desert

Wonders never cease, and there is no end to the surprises this old earth gives us.

Who would ever have expected to find skeletons of whales in a desert? Yet this is what has happened.

It seems likely that one of the biggest puzzles our scientists will have to solve is the mystery behind the immense collections of bones which have been found in the Libyan Desert.

Not only have the bones of immense animals of the mastodon type been found there, but also the skeletons and bones of unknown monsters which must have lived millions of years ago. Among them are the bones of what are believed to have been whales, as well as those of other sea monsters; and the problem before the experts is to find some explanation of the presence of the bones of these sea creatures in what is now a desert.

PICTURE-NEWS AND TIME MAP

SAVING THE DUCKS

To encourage waterfowl to settle in some of the drier regions of the Prairie Provinces of Canada dams have been constructed across streams to impound the Spring waters. Before the construction of the dams the water had often evaporated by July and the ducklings died.

MOVING 730 VILLAGES

A new power-scheme involving the creation of a 2000-square-mile reservoir on the Upper Volga means that 730 villages must be transferred, and already numerous houses have been moved bodily to new sites. The town of Mologa is to be transferred to Rybinsk.

SIBERIA'S WINTER ROADS

With the rapid approach of winter many of Siberia's rivers are beginning to freeze. The ice becomes so thick that heavy motor traffic can use the rivers as highways for several months.

STUDYING THE OCEAN BED

Working from the research vessel of the University of California with a specially devised machine scientists have taken a core 8 feet 5 inches long from the bed of the Pacific two and a half miles below the surface and 300 miles from land.

THE ARCTIC NIGHT

The darkness of the long Arctic night is now creeping down Greenland, and in the coast settlements the people are busy laying up stores for the winter.

RED SEA PEARLS?

An Italian expedition is investigating the possibility of establishing a pearl fishing industry in the Red Sea. Divers working from a small schooner are examining the ocean bed down to depths of nearly 150 feet.

OIL DISCOVERIES

After many years of boring the presence of petroleum deposits has been revealed in several places in south-east Anatolia. Saudi Arabia's first oil in commercial quantities has been found in the Hasa district, where already three wells are each producing 1000 barrels a day.

TIGER CENSUS

A tiger census has been taken in three areas of Palamau in India. At night all footprints at known drinking-places were obliterated, and next morning the new tracks were counted and classified and their direction was noted.

SAVING THE WATER

In order to conserve water supplies by protecting catchment areas the Cape Government has acquired a vast region of mountain land in the western part of the province. Forests will be preserved and new forests are to be planted.

STUDYING THE WEATHER

To gain information concerning weather conditions for the benefit of the proposed Sydney-Auckland air service a meteorologist has been detailed to travel to and fro across the Tasman Sea releasing balloons and watching their behaviour.

RAILWAYS FOR BRAZIL

Brazil is to embark on a big programme of road and railway construction. The great but undeveloped inland provinces of Goyaz and Matto Grosso are to be linked with the capital, Rio de Janeiro, by railways which must be taken through jungle.

TOTAL ECLIPSE OF THE MOON

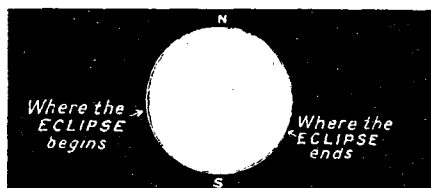
Curious Effects of the Earth's Shadow

By the C.N. Astronomer

The Earth's shadow will pass over the Moon during the evening of Monday next, November 7, and so the Moon will be in what is usually described as total eclipse, though it is unlikely that she will quite vanish, but will be just perceptible to anyone who knows precisely where to look.

The first intimation that something strange is happening to the Moon's face will be a gathering duskiness, that will gradually spread over it, beginning imperceptibly about 7.39 and growing in intensity until about 8.40 p.m. This duskiness is known as the *penumbra*. It is a partial shadow caused by the great sphere of the Earth only partly cutting off the sunlight as she gradually creeps over the face of the Sun—that is, as seen from the Moon. The more sunlight the Earth cuts off the darker becomes the penumbra, until finally, after about an hour, she begins to blot out the Sun completely from the Moon's surface.

This will begin at the left side of the Moon over the region indicated in the picture at about 8.41. From then until



Where the Eclipse of the Moon will begin and end

9.45 the Earth's shadow may be seen gradually spreading farther to the right, its curved edge clearly demonstrating that our world is round. Then the last gleam of bright sunlight will disappear and the Moon will remain in "total" eclipse for one hour and twenty-three minutes, until 11.8 p.m. The first gleam of returning sunlight will then appear on the left side of the Moon, and in the course of about another hour the Earth's shadow will gradually pass off, leaving only the faint penumbra.

It is during the period of total eclipse that an interesting phenomenon may be witnessed, for it will be seen that the lunar disc will not have entirely vanished but may still be distinguished as an ashen-grey disc, or perhaps somewhat brighter and of a coppery hue. This dim light is the daylight of our world's atmosphere shining on the Moon's surface. This refracted light is from the narrow but brilliant ring which encircles the Earth's great black disc, and would appear to an observer on the Moon nearly four times as wide as the Moon appears to us. Without visiting the Moon to see, we know that this is so because the atmosphere of Venus has been seen thus encircling her black disc under somewhat similar conditions.

The Effect of Clouds

Now the difference in the Moon's colour depends upon whether clouds predominate over those regions of our world in the vicinity of this ring of light. If they do the Moon will appear greyish in tint; if, on the other hand, clouds are absent from most of the ring the sunrise and sunset hues with which we are so familiar will prevail and so impart a reddish coppery tint to the Moon's surface. This rainbow-tinted ring which thus encircles the Earth's black disc would be a beautiful and marvellous sight if seen from the Moon. The ring itself represents literally the sunrise and sunset glow, for each is taking place respectively over the particular areas beneath the two halves of the luminous ring, the Sun rising over one half and setting over the other half. G. F. M.

MUSSOLINI'S CAMPANILE

The Highest Thing in Milan

Venice, "the eldest child of Liberty," raised the tall campanile beside her Cathedral of San Marco.

Signor Mussolini has approved a taller campanile to tower above the Cathedral of Milan in the Cathedral square.

The campanile by the side of San Marco was begun in 902, and lasted a year short of a thousand years, and after it had fallen Venice hastened to rebuild it on its ancient plan, so that its 325 feet soared again to the skies a very few years after.

The campanile at Milan is much more ambitious. It will be 540 feet high, and is to be built of the same pink-white marble as the cathedral and will rise 180 feet higher than the cathedral spire.

Like the cathedral also, it is to be built by its designer, Signor Vico Vigano, better known as a poet than an architect, in the Italian Gothic style. By some architects the cathedral is not regarded as a triumph of the style, but Vigano's campanile promises to break quite new ground in Twentieth Century or Surrealist Gothic.

Statues of Four Saints

The campanile, broad based, will contain shrines to glory and to victory, a mausoleum to the Fallen for the Fatherland, a loggia, and an altar.

Statues of the four Milanese saints, including the famous Ambrose and Carlo Borromeo, will stand on the four pinnacles, and two staircases and two lifts will lead the way to them. A big bell is to toll the curfew, a small one to announce with silver tongue the dawn; and when night falls a revolving light on the campanile's highest platform will shed its beams over the city.

It will be an imposing monument, and though some Milanese view the plan with suspicion it will be at any rate better than the colossal statue of Signor Mussolini which was to have dominated Rome, but of which not much has been heard lately. As Dictators are a passing phase, perhaps it is better not to set them up like mountains.

Flambeau's Farewell

The pathetic story of Flambeau, the Alsatian dog postman which climbed up to the Alpine fort after a year of retirement and died at his old post, has moved our Natural Historian to explain his conduct in this way.

Flambeau's mail usually weighed about 7 pounds, and to scurry with it up ten thousand feet along a steep snowy pass was a grievous effort. On arriving at the top he would be thankful to have the load taken off and the straps removed. Relieved from harness he would feel a new and happier dog.

When his last illness came upon him he would not imagine that it meant death; animals cannot foresee or imagine such a catastrophe as likely to affect themselves. Memory, which by this time would have become almost an instinct, would tell him that when suffering in the old days he always obtained relief at the top of the mountain. So he would wander up, seeking not a last farewell, but the removal of a burden on his spirits, the taking away of a load he could not understand; and the last effort exhausted his ebbing strength and brought about his death.

Horses on the prairies and savannahs that have long been ill-treated by their riders go, when ill and at liberty, back to the ranch where they have been accustomed to stand for saddling and unsaddling, and there they will rest till they die, remaining not because they imagine a hard-hearted man will be kind to them, but because they remember being relieved of their burdens there.

SALT

After air and water few things on earth are found in greater abundance than salt.

Scientists tell us that in the oceans, which cover three-quarters of the globe, there are at least 140 million million tons of salt; and if all this salt could be recovered and piled up on the land it would cover every continent to a depth of 400 feet.

But all the salt is not in the sea. Millions of tons of it are buried in the rocks below our feet. Everyone who has travelled in Cheshire has seen the queer way in which many of the houses at Northwich (and other salt towns) are leaning this way and that owing to the sinking of the ground above the salt mines. Year after year thousands of tons of salt have been mined in this region, and bit by bit the ground above sinks as the tunnels cave in. The fact that salt is there at all is proof that long ago a portion of the sea was cut off by some volcanic disturbance or some alteration in the contour of the land, and that gradually the water evaporated, leaving immense accumulations of salt.

Europe and America use millions of barrels of salt every year, and it is believed that about 13 million tons are needed to supply the whole world, though by no means all of it is eaten, for salt is used industrially in many ways.

Old Salts

Not only is there salt in the ground (Poland has deposits over 4000 feet thick) but it is in our blood. It may be said that we spend our lives in salt water, for salt and water are a considerable part of our bodies. Without salt we should die; and in this sense every old man, even though he has never seen the sea, might well be called an old salt, for he is certainly well salted.

Used for preserving food as well as for flavouring what we eat, salt has won an important place in life. It is in our everyday speech, for we speak of taking a statement with a grain of salt, a way of saying we do not believe it; and we say that someone is worth his salt, a phrase which has come down to us from the days when the banqueting table was divided by the salt cellar, servants sitting below the salt, guests sitting above.

Among the Arabs there was at one time a custom that eating a man's salt was a sacred bond of friendship between host and guest, and no one having eaten salt with another was expected to speak ill of his friend.

Superstition

It is curious that the superstition about spilling salt has come down to our day, for even now there are people who imagine they will have bad luck in consequence. The notion is absurd, of course, but at one time it was universally believed, though from Roman times it has been thought that the evil could be averted if a pinch of salt were thrown over the left shoulder with the right hand. It is interesting to note that in Leonardo da Vinci's famous picture of the Last Supper we are able to recognise Judas by the salt cellar he has accidentally knocked over.

Salt is often mentioned in the Bible. In the Book of Genesis is the curious old story of Lot's wife who, we are told, was turned into a pillar of salt; and in the Book of Numbers we read of a covenant of salt which could not be broken. Jesus spoke of the good as being the salt of the earth.

STRIFE IN THE HOLY CITY

The Astonishing Drama of Underground Jerusalem

Celebrating next month the 21st anniversary of the hoisting of the British flag over its walls, Jerusalem, whose name in Hebrew means "dwelling of peace," has been once more resounding to the clash of arms.

A British force has been compelled to recapture the Old City portion of it from rebel Arabs who had secretly entered and taken possession.

One of the oldest of cities, and the chief place in Palestine for over 3000 years, Jerusalem has seen more violence and conquests than almost any other place on earth. It fell successively to Egypt, Assyria, Babylon, Persia, Parthia, to the Ptolemys and to Rome.

Utterly destroyed by Titus, it was rebuilt by the creator of the greatest surviving Roman monument in England, Hadrian's Wall.

Yet it was the Roman Constantine, the world's first Christian emperor, who restored Jerusalem in glory, it was by him that the search for the holy places was begun, and it was because his mother was reputed to discover the Holy Sepulchre that she lives in history as St Helena.

Pilgrims to Jerusalem

It was in his day that Christians from every part of his Empire first began to make pilgrimage to Jerusalem, to worship there, to die there, and there to leave their bones in the holy ground. Although Persians, Moslems, and Turks, with an interval of Christianity in its midst, ruled Jerusalem century after century after this (until Lord Allenby took possession on December 9, 1917), the ties between Britain and the holy city were never severed.

The student cannot but notice a strange resemblance between conditions there in the old days and in our own. Baffled by the maze of underground tunnels and caves which enabled the Arabs to make secret entry and momentary conquest, our Coldstream Guards are said to have been compelled to seek the guidance of archaeologists to enable them to solve the riddle.

The Emperor Titus was perplexed in the same way. During his siege the Jews constantly emerged from subterranean ways to carry out destructive sorties against him. Once a force he had dislodged from a tower plunged into the scene of the flames he had kindled, leaping to death, as he thought, but in reality into a cave and a tunnel under the tower, through which they escaped to safety. Thousands of Jews hid in these caves below ground, and there the Romans ultimately found over 2000 dead, mostly from starvation.

Competition Result

In C.N. Competition Number 64 the two neatest and correct entries were sent in by Kathleen Greer, The Manor, Moyallon, Portadown, County Down, Northern Ireland; and Stanley Rayner, 19 Billet Road, Stanford-le-Hope, Essex. A prize of ten shillings has been sent to each of these readers.

The 25 prizes of half-a-crown were awarded to the following:

Lindsay Allan, Walscot; Ida F. Bower, Insh; Lawrence Buchan, Edinburgh; Thomas Chandler, Rotherham; John Crowther, Coventry; Dulcie Ellershaw, Liverpool; Allan Elliott, Huthwaite; Audrey Fearn, Derby; Pamela Gibbs, Bedford; Richard Gresty, Loughton; Kenneth Grimwood, Ilford; Ruth Harle, Portsmouth; Eileen Hillary, Crawley; B. Hutchinson, Castledawson, Co. Derry; David Johnston, Strangford, Co. Down; Tony Jones, Norwich; Norman Nickinson, Folkestone; Margaret Palmer, Plumstead; Kenneth Philpott, Lewisham; X. Plumb, Grimsby; Pamela Riddell, Alnwick; Norman Scott, Belfast; Derek Shelton, Teignmouth; Ursula M. Tallent, Bolton; Betty Williams, Sleaford.

The correct answers were:

1 Postman. 2 Policeman. 3 Flower-seller. 4 Road scout. 5 Bus conductor. 6 Boy Scout. 7 Soldier. 8 Nurse. 9 Fireman. 10 Sailor.

ROADS FOR HOGS

Making the Bypass a Byword

Kingston bypass has become a byword for its accidents, but a remedy proposed by the Ministry of Transport ignores the first cause of them. It is speeding.

Where the Merton Spur joins the Kingston bypass many accidents occur, and much congestion. At the rush hours 20,000 vehicles and 3000 cyclists pass by. The cyclists are among the chief sufferers, but the large number of children going to and from the schools and older people going to and from the factories and Raynes Park railway station are also in danger of their lives and limbs.

The remedy proposed by the Ministry is to take in neighbouring land and construct a fly-over bridge at the junction, so that one stream of traffic can pass over the other. The owners of the neighbouring land object because they say that their business would suffer and their factory might have to be moved.

Our sympathy is with the objectors. A time may come when, to accommodate ever-increasing motor traffic, fly-over bridges may have to be constructed at some junctions; but till this becomes imperative it seems more prudent and less costly to remove the first cause of accidents. This is speeding.

Why should everyone be put to danger, expense, and inconvenience to make roads fit for the roadhog who wants to travel at an unearthly speed for any unearthly purpose?

SCHOOL BROADCASTS

Here are details of the Broadcasts to Schools for the week beginning Monday.

England and Wales—National

MONDAY, 2.5 Science and Gardening—Seeds and Seedlings: by B. A. Keen. 2.30 Early Stages in Music—Patterns in Melody: by Thomas Armstrong.

TUESDAY, 11.0 Physical Training (for use in halls). 11.25 History in the Making. 11.45 Physical Training (for use in classrooms). 2.5 Our Parish—Along the Sea Shore. 2.30 Our English Speech. 3.0 Concert Lesson—Bach and the Chorale: by Thomas Armstrong.

WEDNESDAY, 2.5 World History—A Greek Emperor, Alexander: by Wray Hunt. 2.30 How People Catch Diseases: by H. Munro Fox.

THURSDAY, 11.25 Understanding Climate—The Canadian Farmer Pushes North: by A. G. Street. 2.5 A Farmer's Animal Friends: by C. C. Gaddum. 2.30 British History—Friar Bacon: by T. W. H. Holland.

FRIDAY, 2.5 A Travel Talk—Hitch-hiking from Baghdad to India: by G. T. Swann. 2.45 A Play—Saul Becomes David's Enemy. 3.10 A Feature Programme—The Lighthouse. 3.35 A Talk for Sixth Forms—The Epicureans: by Sir R. Livingstone.

Scottish Regional

MONDAY, 2.30 Speech Training for Seniors: by Anne H. McAllister.

TUESDAY, 11.0 and 11.45 As National. 2.5 Round the Village—The Shepherd: by John R. Allan. 2.30 Senior English (A Book Talk—Lorna Doone): by W. M. Clyde. 3.0 As National.

WEDNESDAY, 11.5 Speech Training for Juniors—Remembering: by Anne H. McAllister. 2.30 Biology—Our Home: by R. C. Garry.

THURSDAY, 11.0 Intermediate French. 2.5 Music—Pulses and Half-Pulses: by Herbert Wiseman. 2.40 Birds of Prey: by G. W. MacAllister. 3.5 Scottish History—The Maid of Norway: by D. H. Evans.

FRIDAY, 2.5 British Empire Geography (A Trader in West Africa): by R. Coull. 2.45 Robert Louis Stevenson's Childhood: by Mrs A. M. Henderson.

Higher Wages

Wages have continued to rise this year. In the first nine months, 2,360,000 workers received an average increase of 2s 3d a week. That is good, but it also means that the bulk of wage-earners did not get a rise.

REMEMBER THE BIRDS

Provide Now For the Spring

For three-halfpence His Majesty's Stationery Office, Kingsway, London, will forward a copy of the Ministry of Agriculture's leaflet on Nest Boxes for Birds, where to buy, or how to make them.

Such large tracts of country are being cut up for building that certain birds find it difficult to secure suitable nesting sites, with the result that they are coming into suburban gardens in great numbers.

Many of these are beneficial species, and the suburban bird-lover has an opportunity not only of studying their habits but, by means of suitable boxes, making them at home as a delightful addition to the family circle. Foremost are the tits, all of which, save the long-tail, nest in holes of some sort.

It is no matter that the nesting season is long past, and that breeding will not begin again till next spring. If nest boxes are put up in the autumn or winter the birds will by next spring have had ample time to become used to their presence. Secondly, the winter will tone down the newness of the boxes; weathered, they look more natural.

Work For Young Carpenters

Among the birds that use nest boxes are the great tit, the blue tit, the cole tit, the robin, the pied wagtail, and the spotted flycatcher—all lovely and beneficial species. Entrance holes of a convenient size for tits will be too small to admit other birds, so that house-sparrows and other undesirables can be excluded. The special open types of nest boxes necessary for such birds as robins, wagtails, and flycatchers are usually placed too low for sparrows.

Bird-feeding tables too are quite easy to make. The simplest form is a mere platform fixed on the top of a wooden pole. It is wise to give them a roof of some kind. Any style of bird-table can be made by anybody with a slight knowledge of carpentry.

We hope this winter will find many of our readers making such interesting things for themselves.

Colour For Tomorrow

The gardeners of our London parks believe in waste not, want not. Every year they have hundreds of plants to spare, but instead of throwing them away they give them away.

Hundreds of poor children have been lining up to receive the plants. Every boy and girl had a note to present, some of them very much thumbled and smudged. The gardeners and park-keepers rarely bothered to look twice at them, for they were anxious to give the children as many plants as they could carry. Begonias, geraniums, and other roots were handed out to the enthusiastic little folk, and it was a sight to see the proud possessors of next year's beauty marching off with their riches.

We hope all their plants will grow to make a Brighter London.

25 YEARS AGO

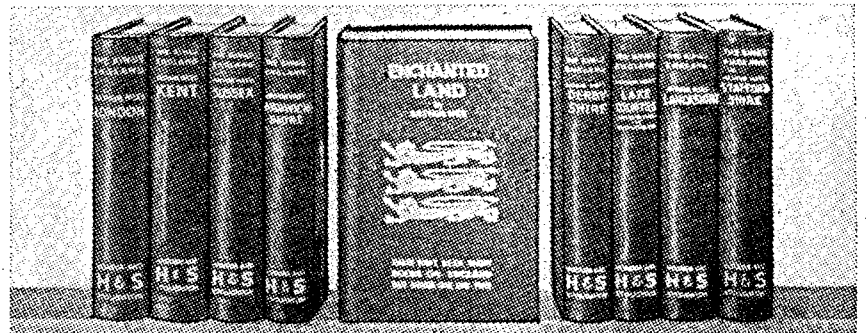
From the CN of November 1913

The Banner of Peace. There is a new idea in the world. Peace has been given a flag, made up of seven stripes of the colours of the rainbow, merging into white, to represent the blending of the nations into one harmonious federation. The first Peace flag has been placed in the Peace Bureau at Berne. The next will be hung in the great chamber of the Palace of Peace itself. And the first ship to enter the Panama Canal will sail under this banner. It could not have a nobler ensign.

Everything to See in England

ARTHUR MEE'S DOMESDAY BOOK

Most Complete Picture of a Country Ever Presented to Its People



THE Domesday Book of Every Motorist somebody has called the King's England volumes now pouring out of the press almost month by month.

The Editor of the CN has been at work on this vast enterprise for eight years, and he and his staff of visitors have been into ten thousand villages, seen what there is to see, and set it down in these wonderful books.

This autumn will see three more volumes, bringing the work within sight of half of its completion; the volumes ready before Christmas embrace 4000 villages, have 3000 pictures, and are packed with the wonders and stories of the countryside.

They will inform and entertain you wherever you go. They will tell you what there is to see and all about it. They are the indispensable companion of the Motor Age. Here is every place you pass in the car, everything you stop to see. Every signpost points you to these wonders. Every ride brings you to the scene of these stories.

THE FIRST 18 VOLUMES, WITH 4000 PLACES and 3000 PICTURES

These are the 18 volumes either ready now or ready soon:

ENCHANTED LAND—A SURVEY OF ENGLAND	213 pictures.	7s 6d
CHESHIRE—ROMANTIC NORTH-WEST	150 places. 117 pictures.	7s 6d
CORNWALL—ENGLAND'S FARTHEST SOUTH	250 places. 173 pictures.	7s 6d
DERBYSHIRE—THE PEAK COUNTRY	226 places. 134 pictures.	7s 6d
DEVON—CRADLE OF OUR SEAMEN	400 places. 200 pictures.	10s 6d
GLOUCESTERSHIRE—GLORY OF THE COTSWOLDS	334 places. 166 pictures.	10s 6d
HEREFORDSHIRE—THE COUNTY OF THE WYE	223 places. 132 pictures.	7s 6d
KENT—THE GATEWAY OF ENGLAND	400 places. 226 pictures.	10s 6d
LAKE COUNTIES—CUMBERLAND AND WESTMORLAND	217 places. 124 pictures.	7s 6d
LANCASHIRE—CRADLE OF OUR PROSPERITY	250 places. 185 pictures.	7s 6d
LEICESTERSHIRE WITH RUTLAND	280 places. 138 pictures.	7s 6d
NOTTINGHAMSHIRE—THE MIDLAND STRONGHOLD	219 places. 109 pictures.	7s 6d
STAFFORDSHIRE—BEAUTY IN THE BLACK COUNTRY	180 places. 107 pictures.	7s 6d
SURREY—COUNTRY MARCHING TO TOWN	164 places. 181 pictures.	10s 6d
SUSSEX—THE GARDEN BY THE SEA	300 places. 238 pictures.	10s 6d
WARWICKSHIRE—SHAKESPEARE'S COUNTRY	220 places. 215 pictures.	7s 6d
WORCESTERSHIRE—LAND OF THE HEAVENLY SPRING	189 places. 132 pictures.	7s 6d
LONDON—HEART OF THE EMPIRE AND WONDER OF THE WORLD	200 pictures.	12s 6d

A great chorus of welcome has greeted these volumes throughout the country. In the north of England lectures have been given on them, and from hundreds of reviews we pick these three:

There is a sort of light shining all through. *Mrs J. A. Spender*

A sheer delight from cover to cover. *Yorkshire Observer*

One is completely captivated and made to feel that England is a fairyland. *Daily Mail*

ON SALE EVERYWHERE—HODDER & STOUGHTON

MISS TUCKETT'S NEPHEW

By T. C. Bridges

Sam on Holiday

CHAPTER 1

Prospecting on Dartmoor

"MR SLADE'S going off for a fortnight, Aunt," said Sam Tuckett one evening as he and his brother Dan sat down to supper. "So I reckon Dan and me will get along with the garden."

Mr Slade was rector of Nether Slapton, and the brothers Tuckett went to him every day for lessons, which they shared with their young friend the Hon John Fisher Fortescue, better known to them as Jacky.

Miss Tuckett considered. "You boys ought to have a holiday. You haven't had one since you came from Canada."

"What price you, Aunt?" asked Sam. "When did you last have a holiday?"

"It's fifteen years since I slept away from this house," Miss Tuckett answered.

"Gee! That was before I was born," said Sam. "It's you needs the holiday, Aunt. Ain't no reason why you shouldn't take one. Page can run the place for a week or two. Only question is where to go."

"I know where I should like to go," said Miss Tuckett. "Dartmoor."

"Where the prison is?" asked Dan.

"You needn't go within miles of the prison. Dartmoor's big, with lovely hills and trout streams. And ponies running wild."

"Sounds fine," said Sam. "Got any place in your mind?"

"Yes. A farm called Brake o' Firs near Huxworthy. The Warnes owned it. They are distant cousins of ours. That's where I spent my last holiday."

"Right!" said Sam. "You sit down and write to Mr Warne and ask if he can fix us up. Get to it, Aunt. I'll post the letter."

Two days later came the reply. Mr Warne and his wife and son would be delighted to see Miss Tuckett and her Canadian nephews.

"I'd like to ask you as guests," the old man wrote, "but times are bad and letting our rooms is all that keeps us afloat. We have no one here now, so there's lots of room."

Miss Tuckett enjoyed every minute of the journey, and when they reached Morton Hampstead, and saw the great tors rising against the horizon, even Dan agreed that it was all right. Young Ted Warne met them with a car which, though old, could still climb the steep hills. The Tuckett boys were vastly interested.

"Say," said Sam to Ted, "this here is gold country."

"More tin than gold," Ted told him. Sam pointed to a brook they were crossing.

"I'll lay I can get colour out of the bed of that."

"You'll get more trout than gold," Ted answered with a laugh. He pointed. "Here's our place."

"It looks a right nice place," Sam stated.

Dan agreed, and neither of them found any reason to change their opinion. That there was no bathroom did not worry them a bit, for each morning they swam in the mill dam. The food pleased them greatly. Splits, saffron cakes, and Devonshire cream they pronounced to be prime and the amount of whortleberry jam they put away was prodigious.

The only thing that bothered them was that the old people were so sad. Mr Warne was crippled with rheumatism and his wife was terribly troubled about him.

"It's too damp and cold for him," she said to Miss Tuckett. "If we could sell out and go down to Looe he'd be another man. And Ted's no farmer. He wants to join the Air Force. But we can't sell. Who'd buy a place that wants £1000 spent on it before it's fit to live in?"

"Wish we could buy it," Sam said to Dan. Dan frowned thoughtfully.

"You was talking about gold, Sam. It's been a long time since anyone washed a panful of Dartmoor gravel. And gold grows."

"Reckon we'll try," said Sam. "There's an old milk pan in the barn. Get that and I'll find a shovel."

They picked a pool out of sight of the house where gravel and sand lay thick on the bed rock. Dan filled the pan with fine gravel and water and Sam began swishing it round and round, constantly flinging out the coarse stuff until only a little fine sand and water remained.

When at last only a few spoonfuls of sediment remained he filled the pan once more with water, and poured this away very slowly and gently until very little remained. Once more he rotated the pan, feathering out the contents in a thin thread around the bottom. The sand rolled ahead, behind it was a streak of dark iron sand, and at the

tail were a few tiny flecks of yellow no bigger than grains of fine sugar, but flatter.

Sam poked them with his finger. "Colour," he said.

"Colour," agreed Dan, "but not ten cents worth. Don't look like you could make day wages."

"Do you mind telling me what you are doing?"

The voice startled them; they turned to see a small boy in grey flannel shorts and jacket. He had a fishing rod in one hand and under the other arm a crutch. His left leg was strapped up in irons. His face was thin, but he had nice, even teeth and very bright blue eyes. Sam looked him over and approved of him.

"Panning for gold, sonny," he told him. "Gold!" repeated the lad.

Sam pointed to the yellow dots. "That's colour," he said, "but it's a poor showing. I've washed as much as five dollars a pan on Cascade Creek."

"Where's that?"

"Northern Canada, kid. Dan and me, we lived there till a few months ago."

The small boy's eyes widened.

"You lived there! Oh, would you tell me something about it?"

"Sure, we will. Sit down and rest that leg o' yours. What you done to it—broke it?"

"No. I had a fall and something's gone wrong with my knee. Dad sent me up here to get well. I'm staying with the Prices. They're very kind, but it's dull when you can't do much."

"Looks like you're doing some fishing," said Sam kindly.

"I try, but I haven't caught anything. I don't think I know much about it."

"The trout sees you," Sam explained.

"Say, you come along to the mill dam over to Brake o' Firs. There's trout there. Reckon you can walk that far?"

"Rather!" said the boy stoutly.

Dan took the lad's rod, Sam gave him an arm, and the three made back slowly to the farm. On the way Sam learned that the lad's name was Boyd Collard, that his mother was dead, and that his father was owner of the great china clay pit at Ashenden.

JACKO LEFT IN CHARGE

THERE WAS a sale in Monkeyville and Mother Jacko and Big Sister Belinda were off to enjoy themselves.

"Here!" cried Jacko, who was going to football. "How am I to get in? You won't be home till morning."

"Give him the key," suggested Belinda. And indeed that seemed the only thing to do.

Jacko was back even sooner than he had expected, and, as he had prophesied,



Jacko saw a tramp scuffling away

there was no sign of his mother. While he was waiting for his tea he thought he heard a noise upstairs.

"Coo!" breathed Jacko. "Burglars." And up he crept, half hoping and half fearing he might be right.

But it was only the wind, which had blown the skylight open and set it flapping. Jacko climbed up and put his head out.

Just then the garden gate opened and in came the fishmonger's boy.

Jacko stepped out on to the roof and called down, "What's you got there?"

There was no breeze and it was very hot. The surface of the dam was like glass. Sam shook his head.

"Got to wait for some wind," he said. "We'll have a swim. Can you swim, Boyd?"

"No, but I'd love to try."

"Right. I'll soon teach you."

They threw off their clothes and Sam took a splendid header. Then he stood in shallow water and helped Boyd in. Boyd's left leg was terribly thin and weak, and the knee quite stiff. Dan showed him how to strike out and Boyd took to it like a duck.

CHAPTER 2

Sam Makes a Suggestion

SUDDENLY Boyd gave a shriek of pain.

Sam lifted him and carried him to the bank. "What's up?" he asked anxiously.

"My knee. Something cracked in it. Oh, Sam, it hurts!"

Sam examined it. "You've broke down one of them stiff muscles," he said. "That hurts but it don't do no harm. Wait a while and the pain will go off."

Sure enough the pain soon grew less, and, with help from the others, Boyd was able to dress. All of a sudden the boy gave another shout. "Sam, my knee's not stiff any more. See, I can bend it."

"Fine!" said Sam. "I reckon if you swim every day you'll soon get right again. Now I guess you better come home with us and have some dinner. We'll show you how to catch fish in the evening."

Late in the afternoon a breeze sprang up, and this time it was Dan took Boyd in hand. Dan was a first-class fisherman and under his tuition Boyd caught his first trout. It was only about six ounces, but Boyd was overjoyed. Ted drove him back in the car, but before he left he told the Tucketts that he had never had such a jolly day in his life.

"They are the nicest boys I ever met in my life," he confided to Miss Tuckett before he left, "and the cleverest. Why, there's just nothing they can't do."

Boyd came every day after that, and Sam and Dan, though they wouldn't admit it, grew fond of him. The boy was always so cheery and plucky. The weather stayed hot and Boyd was in the water for hours. His knee improved rapidly. The muscles came back and, sure enough, at the end of a week he found he could put his weight on the lame leg without pain.

"Two dabs and a pair of kippers," answered the boy.

"All right. Put 'em on the doorstep," ordered Jacko.

"Don't be silly," replied the boy. "Cat'll get 'em."

"Oh, bother!" growled Jacko.

"Here"—and he pulled a key out of his pocket and flung it down. "Take this, and put them in the hall."

And then he forgot all about it.

The weather broke and there was a real Dartmoor rain. Next morning the river was in flood, but the sun was blazing again, and Sam said this was the chance to get a big basket of trout. So he, Dan, and Boyd went off with their rods and packets of sandwiches. The Tucketts left Boyd beside a big pool and went higher up over ground too rough for the lame lad. Sam was pretty nearly a quarter of a mile up-stream when he heard a bellow, then a yell.

"Sam! Sam! Help!"

Sam dropped his rod and ran. Dan saw and followed. There was a fall at the top of the big pool. Reaching it, Sam saw a dozen Black Highland cattle on the edge of the pool. At their head was a bull, and the bull was in a nasty mood. He was bellowing and tearing up the grass with his horns.

Boyd had taken to the water, but the current was too strong for him to swim and he was clinging to a half-submerged rock. Sam turned to Dan, who was at his heels. "Go in and hold on to him. I'll drive the bull off."

Dan took a header over the fall and in a few strokes reached Boyd and held him.

"Can't cross," he shouted to Sam. "Far bank's too high."

"All right," said Sam, and, picking up a stone, flung it at the bull. It hit him with a sounding thwack; then Sam got a shock, for the bull, instead of making off, turned on him. With fire in its eyes it raced up the slope, and Sam in his turn had to take to the river. The current above the fall was like a mill race, but with the help of rocks Sam struggled across.

Dan was laughing, but Sam realised that this was no laughing matter. The bull was thoroughly roused. He turned and ran up the bank, hoping the bull would follow. It did for a little way, then turned back to the pool. Sam didn't know what to do. Boyd could not stay in the pool very long for this flood water was very cold.

Suddenly he spotted some half-dead gorse bushes on the opposite side and an idea came to him. He managed to cross again, and with his knife hacked at a bush till he got it loose. Then he felt for his matches. Like all Canadians, he kept them in a watertight box.

Now he went back quietly towards the pool. The bull was still ramping at the edge. Sheltering behind a boulder, he struck a match and put it to the gorse, which flamed up. Sam knew it would only burn for a very short time, so sprang up at once and dashed at the bull.

For a nasty moment he thought the brute was going to stand its ground. It did until the crackling bush was thrust actually in its face. That was too much for it. It swung round and galloped off, followed by the rest of the herd.

"Good egg!" said Dan briefly as he towed Boyd ashore.

"It was just splendid," cried Boyd, gazing at Sam with worshipping admiration.

"It took brains as well as pluck," came a man's voice behind them, and Boyd, with a yell of "Dad!" flung himself upon a tall man in tweeds.

Mr Collard's eyes opened wide.

"Boyd!" he exclaimed in sheer amazement. "You're walking!"

Boyd pointed at Sam. "He cured me."

"Then he's done what none of the doctors could do," said Mr Collard in a tone of warmest gratitude.

"He did it himself," growled Sam, growing red. "Just swimming."

"But you taught me to swim," Boyd insisted. "And you told me it would put my knee right. Dad, I'm nearly well. If I had a bit longer here I believe I could run."

"You shall have a year if you want it," declared his father.

"But Sam and Dan are leaving the day after tomorrow," said Boyd sadly.

Sam had a bright idea. "You could keep Boyd up here all the time if you wanted, Mr Collard," he said. "You're rich, ain't you?"

"Pretty well off," allowed the other with a smile.

"Then you better buy Brake o' Firs."

Boyd gave a shriek of joy. "Oh, do, Dad!"

"Is it for sale?" asked his father.

"It is," said Sam, "and it's a right nice place, but I ought to tell you it needs fixing up. It ain't got no bathroom nor any frills."

"We might run to a bathroom," said Mr Collard gravely.

That very night Mr Collard agreed to buy the old farmhouse. Mr Warne's delight was pathetic. Before he left next morning Mr Collard had persuaded Miss Tuckett to stay on another week, he paying the bills.

"And as for you, Sam," he said, "and you, Dan, just remember this is the house where you spend all your holidays in future."

THAT EXPENSIVE WAVE

Is it worth a penny to save it?



'DANDERINE' insures your hair for a penny a day.

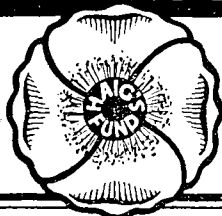
When you pay good money for a wave, 'Danderine' will help you to retain it. Unlike sticky dressings it is delightful to use. Its delicate fragrance is appealing and it creates a marvellous effect of freshness and cleanliness! 'Danderine' will also keep your hair in place after a shampoo.

Use 'Danderine' every day—every time you comb your hair—to be sure of your hair all day long! To have the satisfaction of knowing not only that it is clean but that it really looks clean. To know that it will stay as you arranged it and that no dandruff will appear.

You will be delighted with the improvement in the general condition and appearance of your hair and scalp which 'Danderine' will bring. It's no trouble. Just try it. You can buy 'Danderine' at all chemists and stores 1/3, 2/6 and 4/6.

'Danderine'
FOR THE HAIR

**PLEASE GIVE
GENEROUSLY**



20 YEARS AGO

"They shall grow not old, as we that are left grow old:

Age shall not weary them, nor the years condemn.

At the going down of the sun and in the morning

We will remember them."

Poppy Day is the finest opportunity we have to remember, in a practical way, the heroism and sacrifices of the War. Poppy Day finances the work of the British Legion for the survivors, thousands of whom to-day are gravely handicapped by age, sickness and the strain of the War years. These men, and the dependants who share their need, have the strongest possible claim on your sympathy. Please help the Legion to help them by giving as much as you possibly can for your Poppies of Remembrance.

POPPY DAY

Nov. 11



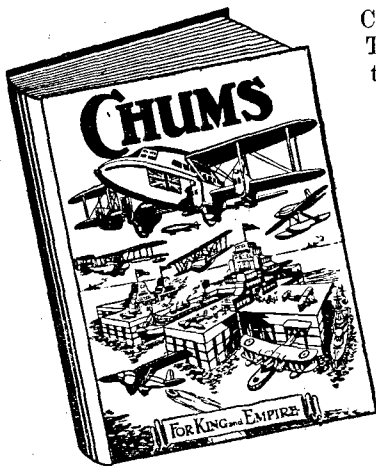
**Be
Refreshed!
Restored!
Radiant!**
by the

Don't get run down, renew your vigour and vivacity, avoid chills and fatigue by regularly taking—

OXO
Beef—for Vitality

54/38

The Wonder Gift-Book for Boys!



CHUMS ANNUAL is the wonder gift-book. This year's 348-page issue contains more than 35 short stories by popular authors, many fine illustrated articles on fascinating topics, four stories of adventure and mystery—each as long as a book—and four magnificent colour plates.

Why not ask to see a copy at your bookseller's?

**CHUMS
ANNUAL**
Of all Newsagents and Booksellers **8/6**

MARIE REALLY ARE SARDINES!
ELISABETH
Have the largest sale in the world, which is the best guarantee of quality and good value.

YOU WHO KNOW THE CN...

... need not be told that it is a paper which deals with all the news that *really* matters... that the sensational and the sordid have no place in its pages... that the boy or girl, or the man or woman, who reads the CN regularly stands out above the crowd as well-informed concerning the affairs of the world today.

KNOWING this, would you not wish to introduce the paper to a good friend? Please pass this copy on when you have finished with it and show your friend the Order Form below, which should be filled in and handed to a newsagent.

ORDER FORM

To

Newsagent

Please deliver THE CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER every Thursday until further notice to the following address:

Date

Signature

If no newsagent is available the CN can be delivered at any address in the world for 11s a year. Please send a cheque or postal order to The Amalgamated Press, Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4.

SEND YOUR MITE FOR OUR MITES!

THE INFANTS HOSPITAL—the first Hospital of its kind to be founded in Europe—was established in 1903 for the treatment of the diseases and disorders of nutrition. There are now 100 cots; accommodation for seven Nursing Mothers; an Out-patient Department; X-Ray; Artificial Sunlight and Massage Departments; a Research Laboratory; a Lecture Theatre; and a Milk Laboratory. The work carried on in the wards is supplemented by the Convalescent Home at Burnham, Bucks, with eighteen cots.

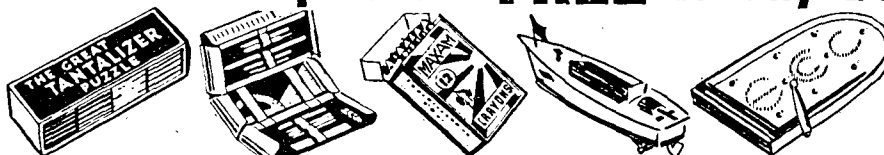
THE HOSPITAL IS ENTIRELY DEPENDENT UPON VOLUNTARY CONTRIBUTIONS FOR ITS MAINTENANCE. FUNDS ARE URGENTLY NEEDED.

President:
H.R.H. THE PRINCESS ROYAL.

Subscriptions will be gratefully received and acknowledged by the Secretary:

THE INFANTS HOSPITAL
Vincent Square, Westminster, S.W.1.

All these presents FREE to any boy or girl



TANTALIZER PUZZLE
A grand game for wet week-ends. You will just love it.
15 Coupons and Free Voucher.

WRITING WALLET
With pens, pencils, rubber, ink eraser, ruler, set square and protractor.
54 Coupons and Free Voucher.

BOX OF CRAYONS
In six different colours. Draw funny pictures of your friends!
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SPEED BOAT. Un-sinkable, strong clockwork drive, propeller, rudder. Length 13½".
102 Coupons and Free Voucher.

BAGATELLE BOARD
You'll love this game—so will Dad. With cue and balls.
120 Coupons and Free Voucher.

HERE'S ALL YOU HAVE TO DO
Just ask your mother to get some Rowntree's Cocoa. Every tin contains Free Gift Coupons—three in the quarter-pound size. You get coupons with Rowntree's Jellies, too.

Start collecting the Rowntree's Cocoa coupons right away. You'll soon have enough for your first gift.

SHOW THIS TO YOUR MOTHER
Rowntree's Cocoa, made by a special predigestive process, actually helps children to digest other food and get more nourishment from their meals.

★ For the complete list of hundreds of gifts, send a postcard (postage 1d.) to Dept. SC53, Rowntree & Co. Ltd., The Cocoa Works, York, for the illustrated Free Gift Booklet, which also contains a Free Voucher, value three coupons, to make your collection grow faster.

The Children's Newspaper will be delivered every week at any house in the world for 11s a year. See below.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

Every Thursday 2d

Arthur Mee's Children's Encyclopedia will be delivered anywhere by the Educational Book Co., Tallis Street, E.C.4.

THE BRAN TUB

The Lizard

AT Natural History John was dull.
"Tell me about the lizard," cried The master, looking hard at John.
A cape in Cornwall," John replied.

Anagram

IN me are dishes washed and cleaned.
Transpose my letters and you'll find,
First, fluids, blue and red and green,
And then what covers all mankind.

Answer next week

An Experiment With Common Salt

DISSOLVE common salt in water and pour some of the solution into a saucer. Heat it gently till the water evaporates, and then examine what remains through a magnifying glass. You will find small crystals which are cubes in shape, and some will be seen quite plainly with the naked eye.

Ici on Parle Français



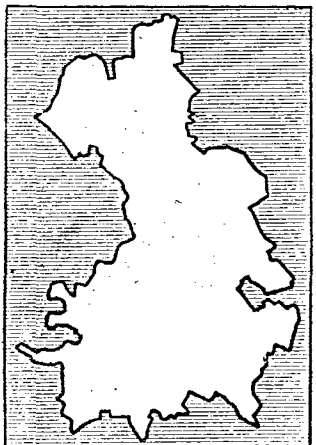
Le casque
helmet
Le bras
arm
Le bouclier
shield
Le soldat porte son casque, et il a son bouclier sur son bras.

The soldier is wearing his helmet, and he has his shield on his arm.

The Boy's Banquet

NOW to the banquet we press,
Now for the eggs and the ham,
Now for the mustard and cress,
Now for the strawberry jam,
Now for the tea of our host,
Now for the rollicking bun,
Now for the muffin and toast,
And now for the gay Sally Lunn.

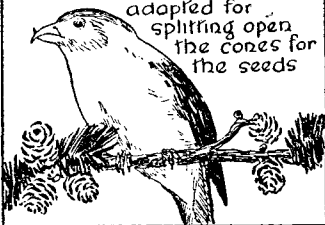
Is This Your County?



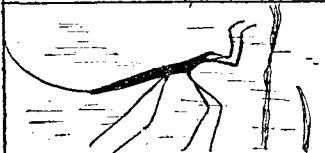
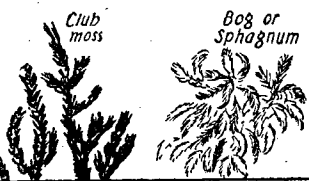
FEW of us know what a map of our county looks like. Do you know this one? Answer next week

In the Countryside Now

Where there are cone-bearing trees you may see the Crossbill, a finch-like bird with a beak adapted for splitting open the cones for the seeds



Moss in the woods is now at its best and there are hundreds of interesting species awaiting examination



The Water Scorpion may be found in reedy ponds. It looks very dangerous with front legs like jaws and a long tail like a sting but this is only for taking air into its body when in the water.

Salmon are now leaping upstream for the spawning season. They will try, try, try again until they conquer seemingly impossible weirs.



An Easy Trick

PLACE three pennies side by side on a table with a little space between, and then offer to remove the middle one from the centre without touching it. You do this by simply picking up one of the outside pennies and placing it on the other side, so that what was the middle penny is now on the outside.

Other Worlds Next Week

IN the evening Venus and Jupiter are in the south-west, and Saturn and Uranus are in the south-east. In the morning Mars is in the east. The picture shows the moon as it may be seen at 8 p.m. on Monday, November 7.



What Happened on Your Birthday
Nov. 6. Colley Cibber born . 1671
7. Madame Curie born . 1867
8. Duns Scotus died . 1308
9. Mayflower Pilgrims sighted Cape Cod . 1620
10. Oliver Goldsmith born . 1728
11. Henry I married Matilda 1100
12. Canute died . 1035

An Odd Sum

THIS is a very interesting and surprising thing that can be done with figures.

Take the number of your house; double it, and add five; multiply the result by 50; add the days of the year; add your own age; and then deduct the number of M.P.s in the House of Commons (615).

The result will be a number of three or more figures, but

always the number of your house will be shown on the left and your age on the right.

Supposing, for instance, the number of your house is 21 and your age 12, the result will be 2112. Thus:

$$21 \times 2 = 42 + 5 = 47 \\ \times 50 = 2350 + 365 = 2715 \\ + 12 = 2727 - 615 = 2112.$$

What is the Name?

EIGHT letters make up this girl's name.

The first half means "to hit." The rest is well-known as a cereal.

With these two clues you must have guessed. Answer next week

The Night Watchman



I FIND the air at night
Gives me an appetite.
So, as no one's in sight,
I think I'll take a bite!

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

Peter Puck's Fun Fair

The animals were Ferret and Donkey.

The objects were DiVer, traIn, HOuse, beLL, vICE, eAT. The capital letters give the flowers Dahlia and Violet.

Reading Across. 1. A trench made by a plough. 5. To restore to a good state. 10. A melody. 12. Decay. 13. This word expresses equality. 15. One who argues. 18. Not off. 19. Wise. 21. Wrath. 22. Characteristic flavour. 24. Relationship. 25. A fold in cloth. 27. A hint on which to act. 28. Limited to a particular place. 30. A subtractive sign. 33. To spoil. 35. This holds up a river. 37. A cereal. 39. To evade. 42. A sheep. 44. A trial. 45. Single. 48. Winter sometimes brings this.

Reading Down. 1. A kind of bottle. 2. Royal Academy. 3. To travel in a vehicle. 4. Metal comes from this. 6. Before. 7. A haven. 8. Preposition. 9. To place in regular lines. 11. Money paid for 3 down. 14. To navigate. 16. A beak. 17. A company of players. 18. A burden. 20. Goblins. 23. Mental acuteness. 25. To trim by shaving the surface. 26. This ebbs and flows. 29. Chartered Accountant. 31. Chemical symbol for sodium. 32. Skill. 34. A play on words. 36. Found on the grass in early morning. 38. You. 40. Behold. 41. French for of. 43. War Office.

Five-Minute Story

The Model Yacht

DICK was saving up to buy a yacht. He wanted a real model, not a toy, and that would cost a lot of money.

One afternoon he was walking towards the park when he met a boy he knew, Peter Grant, coming away from the lake carrying his fine yacht.

"Hullo!" said Dick. "You're going home very early, aren't you? I hope your yacht's not broken."

"Oh, no, she's all right," said Peter; "but my uncle's just arrived and is taking us all out in his car."

Peter moved on a step or two, and then turned round. "I say," he called. "Would you like to borrow the yacht for the afternoon? You could leave it at my place on your way home."

Dick was delighted. The yacht changed hands, and he hurried to the pond. He was soon busy sailing his friend's boat.

It went beautifully, and then Dick had the idea of making it carry loads. Small pebbles, one on each side, were easily carried across. Then he tried larger ones. It was the third time across, with a very heavy load, that the accident happened. A gust of wind caught the sails, the yacht heeled over, and sank.

Dick was in despair. He thought at first of wading in after it, but the water was too deep. Then he remembered that the park-keeper had a long pole with a hook on it, for fishing up wrecked boats, and he was off like a flash to borrow it.

When he got back with the pole he could not remember exactly where the yacht had sunk. Poor Dick! He fished again and again with no result, and was just about to give up hope when the hook caught something.

He pulled joyfully, but to his disgust it was a lady's bag. "Bother!" said Dick. "I did think I had it then." He put the bag down beside him and fished again.

Presently the park-keeper came up. "No luck, young fellow?" he asked. Then he saw the bag. "Hullo!" he said. "What's this?"

"Oh, I've just caught that," said Dick; "but it's the yacht I want, not an old handbag."

"There's 10s reward for that bag," said the keeper.

"Is there?" replied Dick; and then he gave a shout, as the hook caught something else. Slowly and carefully he drew in the pole, and Peter's yacht was saved.

Then Dick had time to be glad about the handbag, for the reward, added to his savings, bought him a yacht of his own.

SWEETENS CHILD'S SOUR STOMACH IN FIVE MINUTES

Mother! You'll be positively amazed how quickly a little 'Milk of Magnesia' sweetens a stomach made sour and sick by too much rich food. 'Milk of Magnesia' overcomes the sour acidity the moment it reaches the stomach. That sick, ill feeling quickly passes away and in no time the little one is as lively as a cricket. Then 'Milk of Magnesia' moves the bowels and relieves the system of the offending bile and undigested food which have made the child ill. At the first sign of sickness just give 'Milk of Magnesia' and nip the attack in the bud. Get 'Milk of Magnesia' today and have it handy. 1/3 and 2/6 (treble quantity). Also 'Milk of Magnesia' brand Tablets, 6d., 1/-, 2/- and 3/6. All chemists. Be quite sure it is 'Milk of Magnesia.'

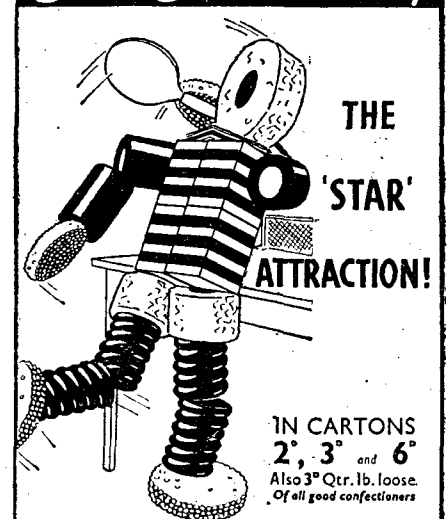
'Milk of Magnesia' is the trade mark of Phillips' preparation of Magnesia.

BREAKFAST-TIME

and breakfast do not always coincide in very poor homes in East London. Please help us to give 52,000 hungry children a good free breakfast this winter.

★ The cost is 3d. each. £1 pays for 80. ★ R.S.V.P. to REV. PERCY INESON, Superintendent, EAST END MISSION, Central Hall, Bromley St., Commercial Rd., Stepney, E.1

Bertie Bassett's Diary



IN CARTONS 2, 3 and 6 Also 3 Qtr. lb. loose. Of all good confectioners

BASSETT'S ORIGINAL Liquorice Allsorts

A "FOUNTAIN PEN" for 2d

The Gillott Nib with the new "Inkduct Reservoir" attachment (Pat. No. 477466) gives fountain-pen action with advantages of Gillott Stainless Steel nib. "Inkduct" opens for easy cleaning. Supplied with three patterns of nib. High-class stationers stock, or box containing 3 pens can be obtained direct from Joseph Gillott & Sons, Ltd., post free on receipt of 71d. 10 stamps.

THE INKDUCT HOLDS THE INK

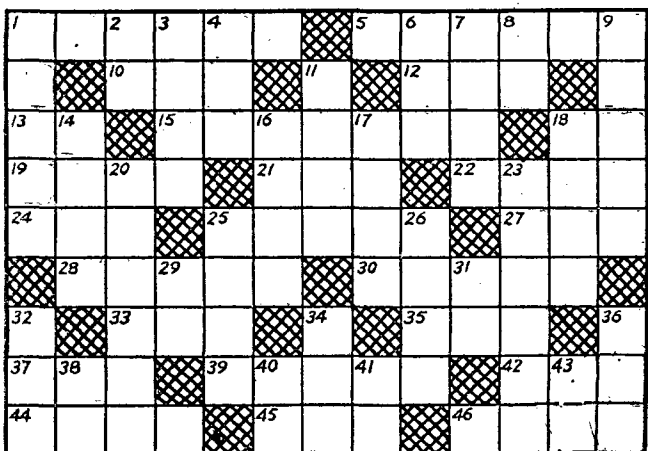
Gillott's Pens

JOSEPH GILLOTT & SONS LTD., VICTORIA WORKS, BIRMINGHAM

Nice as it is Nourishing

SHREDDED WHEAT

The C N Cross Word Puzzle



Abbreviations are indicated by asterisks among the clues. Answer next week